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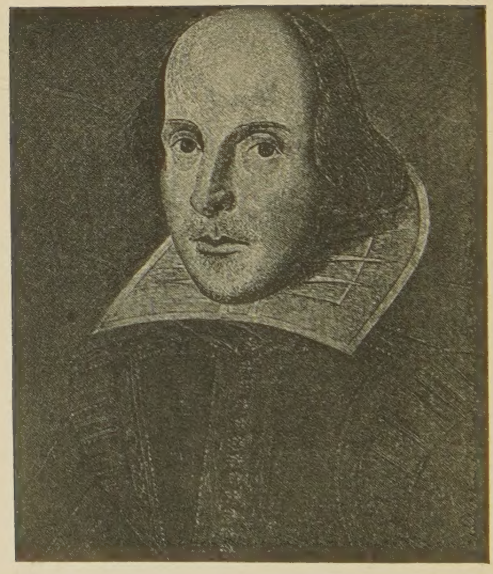

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

SHAKESPEARE'S

AS YOU LIKE IT

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

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QUEENS BOROUGH, NEW YORK CITY

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PREFATORY NOTE

It is hard to reconcile the editorial and educational attitude which aims to stimulate a high school pupil to enter into the soul of a great drama, grasp its informing spirit, and "inhale its choral atmosphere," with the attitude which would urge the student to grub into details and learn the exact meaning, etymologically, of every word. An attempt is made in the present edition to avoid the two extremes. It would be deplorable for the pupil to miss the charm of *As You Like It;* and it would be unpardonable for him to miss the significance of many Shakespearian words found in the play. In the attempt to encourage both sides of the study, reference has been freely made to the elements of dramatic charm, and suggestions have been offered for the detailed study of meanings. The editor agrees with Dr. Furnival that "while every boy can look out hard words in a lexicon for himself, not one in a score can, unhelped, catch points of and realize character." In the notes to each scene, therefore, will be found grouped together words which should be studied from the dictionaries. The habit

thus inculcated will, it is thought, prove invaluable. On the other hand, notes and suggestions regarding points of character and plot and comments concerning the play as a drama now enjoyed on the stage have been made with somewhat lavish hand. In the Introduction the section on the stage in Shakespeare's time has also been inserted for the purpose of emphasizing this side of the study — of the play as a play. With the putting of due emphasis by the teacher on both the form and the spirit of *As You Like It*, the classroom work on this play will doubtless be of unusual benefit to the pupil.

In the Bibliography will be found mention of the books that have been of especial use in the preparation of this edition. The text has been studied with care and will be found to agree in the main with that of the Temple Shakespeare. For convenience in using this edition with others, the line numbering of the best editions has been adopted.

The mark ° after a word in the text of the play indicates that an explanation will be found under the proper line, scene, and act in the Notes. The title, *As You Like It*, is in the notes abbreviated, *A. Y. L.* The references to Furness are to his monumental Variorum edition of the play.

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INTRODUCTION

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE life of William Shakespeare began in the beautiful country town of Stratford-on-Avon and ended fifty-two years later on the same day at the same place. During the interval, however, it must not be supposed that the dramatist had a tranquil pastoral existence all these years at his birthplace. He struck out for himself in the largest city of the country, London, and spent there twenty-five years as an actor and writer of plays, gathering fame and accumulating sufficient property to enable him to pass the last years of his life in uninterrupted calm at his beloved Stratford.

Shakespeare was born in 1564, on the twenty-third of April. The town of Stratford was then a place of about fifteen hundred inhabitants. Since then it has grown but little; it now boasts a population of not more than ten thousand. The change in shaping of streets, in sanitary arrangements, and in appearance of buildings has, however, been great since the poet's

time. The house in Henley Street where Shakespeare was born has now been joined with another which originally stood somewhat to the west of it, and the two thus made one have been preserved as *The Birthplace*. The visitor to Stratford finds here a most interesting collection of Shakespeare mementoes. Our own Washington Irving in one of his *Sketchbook* papers gives a delightful picture of the house as it was in his time. Though there has been considerable change since Irving's day, his account is still to be recommended as a bit of pleasant reading. Nowadays the impression brought away from a visit to *The Birthplace* is likely to be particularly vivid because of the shilling for this and shilling for that and shilling for all attitude of the caretakers. The first home of Shakespeare will, nevertheless, always be a favorite resort for travellers.

Shakespeare's father was a dealer in wool, malt, skins, meat, leather, corn, and all kinds of farm produce. Thus in some biographies he is called a butcher, in others a glover, in others a drover. By his wide field of trading activity he might be called one or all of these. He became, before the birth of his son, a man of prominence in the village. He had no education, but in this respect did not differ from the other villagers. He was elected by his townsmen to various positions, such as alderman, July 4, 1565, and three

years later bailiff, the highest position to which he could be chosen. His wife was Mary Arden, the daughter of a prosperous farmer who lived not far from Stratford. Two daughters preceded the boy William, both of whom died in infancy. William was christened on the twenty-sixth of April, 1564. From this, it is conjectured that according to the baptismal custom of the time he must have been born on the twenty-third or possibly the twenty-second of the same month and year. By way of poking fun at the Shakespearian scholars who assert positively that Shakespeare was born on the twenty-third, Mr. Sidney Lee remarks slyly that such scholars make their dogmatic statements apparently on the sole basis that William Shakespeare undoubtedly died on the twenty-third and hence was probably born on the same day.

Little is definitely known about the life of young Shakespeare from his birth to his twenty-second year. By most authorities it is inferred that, because there was a grammar school in Stratford and because Shakespeare's father was in fair circumstances, the boy William probably attended the school. It is thought that he was a pupil till 1577 or 1578, when he was obliged to leave school on account of his father's financial difficulties. His father continued for eight or nine years after the birth of William to be successful in business, but then was forced to mortgage his property piece by

piece till at last, because of the danger of arrest for debt, he feared even to attend the Guildhall as bailiff. While at school, William Shakespeare learned something of Latin, and perhaps a little French and Greek. That he learned at school any language besides English is assumed solely from the fact that in his plays he shows familiarity with Latin and French, and from the additional fact that schoolboys of his time usually studied Latin. Aubrey, quoted by Mr. Lee in his recent paper, "Shakespeare in Oral Tradition," says that the boy very early betrayed signs of poetic genius.

Greater probably than the educative influence of the Grammar School on the boy Shakespeare was the influence upon him of the plays presented in Stratford during these years. In the course of ten years or so at this period, more than two dozen theatric companies were hospitably entertained at Stratford. Shakespeare's father, the bailiff, officially welcomed to the town of Stratford the Queen's company and the Earl of Worcester's company of actors. The talk of the villagers regarding these companies and perhaps the conversation of the actors themselves gave Shakespeare his first conception of a play. The influence upon William Shakespeare of these early years of acquaintance with the drama can hardly be over-estimated.

Another educative influence of this period before he went to London was the surpassingly beautiful country round about Stratford, which he came to love with all his soul. Appreciating the influence of nature upon the great dramatist, Milton wrote in *L'Allegro*: —

> "Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
> Warble his native wood-notes wild."

Through all his works there runs a tone of intimate acquaintance with the things of nature, as for instance in the soothingly descriptive phrase of *As You Like It*, III, 2, 42, "The beetle with his drowsy hums." It is known that he was fond of outdoor life, and it may be surmised that in these impressionable years he laid the foundations for the true and accurate knowledge of nature which he later showed in his plays.

Five years after the time when he was forced to discontinue his schooling, Shakespeare was married, though then only a youth of eighteen, to Anne Hathaway. A daughter, Susanna, was born in May, 1583, and twins, Hamnet and Judith, were born in February, 1585. Anne Hathaway was the daughter of a farmer who lived about a mile from Stratford. No record of the marriage appears in the parish register at Stratford, but an interesting marriage bond has been discovered, dated 1583, so that there is no doubt

that this was the year in which Shakespeare was married. What the young man did for a living during these years is not positively known. There is a tradition that he worked with his father. On the strength of this supposition, he has been dubbed "butcher boy" by some of his biographers, for his father appears by this time to have limited his unsuccessful activities to dealing in meats. What Shakespeare really did, matters little; the important thing is that he was wide awake to the life going on about him and was becoming insensibly steeped in the natural scenery of the place. His powers of observation were becoming keen and accurate. His knowledge of human nature and the physical world of beauty was becoming thorough, extensive, and vital. He appears to have had great fondness for outdoor sport, so that the tradition that he was forced to leave the country because of his share in a poaching exploit on the property of Sir Thomas Lucy seems not preposterous. At any rate, he did leave Stratford, in 1586, on foot, to take up a new phase of his life, in London.

During his London life, which may be said to extend from 1586 (1587 according to Dowden) to 1611, Shakespeare was busy at various occupations, all, however, intimately connected with the stage. It is said, and some of the latest and most authoritative critics are inclined to accept the tradition, that Shake-

speare first gained his living in London by holding horses for men of fashion, who always rode out in the country to the theatre on afternoons when plays were presented. One of the most scholarly writers of recent years, Mr. Lee, cautiously ventures the remark that there is no "inherent improbability in the tale." Mr. Dowden, on the other hand, is the most emphatic among the critics who scout this tradition. If Shakespeare did commence in this humble way, he did not long remain at so menial an occupation. He soon began to take minor parts in the theatre, and before long was writing plays himself. Regarding the parts which he played, little has come down to us. There is some reason for believing, on the authority of the poet's brother, that Shakespeare played the part of Adam in *As You Like It.* He certainly played many other parts, with fair success. He became associated with a company of actors who enjoyed the patronage of Lord Leicester and of Queen Elizabeth. With this company he acted for some time at The Theatre, then he went with them to the Rose Theatre. He is said to have appeared twice with Richard Burbage, the greatest tragic actor of the period, before Queen Elizabeth — one of these occasions being at Christmas time in 1593.

As an actor Shakespeare will always be best known by reason of his connection with the famous Globe

Theatre, a short description of which appears in another section of this Introduction. At the Globe Theatre, which was built on the site of The Theatre, demolished to make way for it, Shakespeare acted for many years. He became one of the managers of the theatre, and made considerable profit out of his managerial connection with the stage. During the most productive period of his life, too, he appears to have written two plays a year, so that by means of acting and managing and writing he earned a good income. That the people of his native town well understood his growing prosperity is plain from the fact that in 1598 Abraham Sturley wrote to Richard Quiney saying that by aid of Shakespeare certain favors, greatly desired, might probably be gained from Lord Burleigh, and from the further fact that in this same year Richard Quiney wrote to Shakespeare asking for a loan of £30. When the greater purchasing power of money in the dramatist's time is considered, it will be seen that Quiney asked for no insignificant loan. To get an adequate idea of sums of money mentioned regarding the end of the sixteenth century, the reader must remember that the ratio is about one to eight. One pound in Shakespeare's day would buy nearly as much as eight pounds now. Obviously, therefore, the prosperity of the Globe playwright was becoming well known in little Stratford.

A brief summary, such as this, of Shakespeare's life in London, must not lead the student to suppose that the poet and dramatist lived continuously and uninterruptedly in London all these twenty-five years. He went back and forth often between Stratford and London. It is thought that during part of the time he had his family with him in the city. Yet during most of the years Shakespeare probably left his family at Stratford, while he was earning a comfortable fortune. He lived for some time at Southwark, which was near the theatres. Some authorities believe that in 1592 or 1593 he made a visit to Italy. This, however, is not probable. The company of actors with which he was connected made many trips to smaller towns through England. In this way Shakespeare was more than once at Oxford, Faversham, Shrewsbury, Folkestone, Coventry, Dover, Bristol, Bath, and Rye.

In 1611 Shakespeare moved to Stratford to live with all of his remaining family, *i.e.* his wife and his two daughters, Susanna and Judith. His son Hamnet had died in 1596, his father in 1601, and his mother in 1608. At Stratford Shakespeare lived in the house on his estate, New Place, which he had bought in 1597 for £60, and which is one of the most interesting buildings that have come down to us from the poet's time. It was a substantial timber and brick house of considerable size, built in the preceding century. It stood

at the corner of Chapel Street and Chapel Lane, opposite the Guild chapel. Shakespeare lived here comfortably, even luxuriously, from the profits of his plays. His later years appear to have been altogether pleasant, offering a remarkable contrast to the last days of one of his dramatic rivals, Christopher Marlowe, who was stabbed in a tavern brawl, June 1, 1593. Yet even before Shakespeare's death, the Puritan reaction against the stage had begun. In 1612 the town council of Stratford passed a resolution in which the countenancing of plays was declared to be "against the example of other well-governed cities and boroughs," and in which a penalty was laid on actors.

Shakespeare signed his will in March, 1616, and died April 23, of the same year. He was buried April 25, inside the chancel of Holy Trinity church, near the northern wall. By the terms of his will his wife received his second-best bed with the furnishings, while his daughter Susanna received the greater part of the estate, including New Place, the properties in the neighborhood of Stratford, and the house in Blackfriars, London; and his daughter Judith received a small property in Chapel Lane, a sum of money, and certain pieces of plate. Besides, various smaller bequests were made to his sister, his nephews, his old London friends John Heminge, Rich-

ard Burbage, and Henry Condell, and his godson William Walker. Money, too, was left to the poor of Stratford.

The actors Heminge and Condell deserve the gratitude of lovers of Shakespeare, because they collected the plays in 1623 and printed them in what is known as the First Folio edition of the dramatist's works. In Dr. Furness's Variorum Shakespeare will be found exact reproductions of the First Folio texts of the different plays. Considering the inaccurate modes of typesetting of the time, the text of the plays in this edition is fairly good.

These two fellow actors of Shakespeare make in this First Folio edition three important statements about their friend: —

1. That to Shakespeare and his plays in his lifetime was invariably extended the fullest favor of the court and its leading officers.

2. That death deprived him of the opportunity he had long contemplated of preparing his literary work for the press.

3. That he wrote with so rapidly flowing a pen that his manuscript was never defaced by alteration or erasure.

To this last observation, Ben Jonson, another contemporary player, adds that Heminge and Condell would often mention to him Shakespeare's rapidity of

composition. Jonson was in the habit of arguing that Shakespeare's work would have been better had he devoted more time to its correction. He says that Shakespeare "was indeed honest and of an open and free nature, had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions, wherein *he flowed with that facility that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped.*"

Regarding Shakespeare's estate, the remark is made by one of the recent investigators that the dramatist harvested his resources with a steady hand. The money that he earned in London he invested for the building up of the fortunes of his family in Stratford. He was generous always, yet never prodigal. While other men of his profession were wasting their resources in disorderly living, he was saving his for his family. To be sure, a Stratford curate who lived toward the end of the century in which Shakespeare died reported his discovery that Shakespeare was able in his last years to spend "at the rate of £1000 a year," and that shortly before his death he entertained Drayton and Ben Jonson at "a merry meeting" from the effects of which he met his death. The implication, however, that Shakespeare died from too much conviviality has been discredited by later students. Altogether, then, the last years of Shakespeare, who may reasonably be called a self-made dramatist, af-

ford basis for quiet contemplation of the success that comes to him who has genius, lives moderately, and works hard.

SHAKESPEARE'S WRITINGS

The reader will recall the statement in the preceding section that Shakespeare, not long after his arrival in London, began recasting various old plays for use by the company of actors with which he was connected. About the time of these first attempts at play writing, Shakespeare composed a series of sonnets which have been much discussed by critics during the past century. The sonnets as a whole are not studied by high school students; only a few of these poems ever come to the attention of the boy and girl in school. Yet it seems advisable, in beginning a brief discussion of Shakespeare's writings, to take a glance at the general nature of the sonnets.

First of all it should be understood that the sonnets of Shakespeare are not written in the usual sonnet form of the present day. The strictly classical sonnet, modelled after the Italian form, consists of fourteen lines, of which the first eight are a unit in thought, called the octave; and the last six, also complete in themselves though following as an application of the thought of the octave, are another unit, called the ses-

tet. A period or full stop follows the octave. If this form of poetry is the only form which may strictly be called sonnet, Shakespeare's sonnets are not really "sonnets" at all, for, although they are fourteen lines in length and are decasyllabic, they do not consist of an octave and a sestet. Since these poems of Shakespeare are always called sonnets, it is necessary to accept a wider definition of sonnet which will include them. Shakespeare's sonnets are composed of three groups of four lines each, to which are added as the final lines a couplet. For example, one of the most characteristic of the sonnets is as follows: —

"Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchymy;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.
Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
With all triumphant splendor, on my brow;
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,
The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now.
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;
Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth."

Shakespeare's sonnets are addressed to two different persons. Whether these two persons were real or not,

whether they actually lived or were merely creations of Shakespeare's poetic imagination, are mooted questions that do not concern us here. What is important to understand is that through all the sonnets is seen clearly the story of a poetical expression of affection toward a young man and a young woman. The man, loved by the poet with an intense and earnest affection, wins for himself the love of the young woman, and in consequence the poet's verse is filled with sorrow and reproaches. That Shakespeare has put into the sonnets much of the imagination and keen insight into human motives that characterize his best dramatic work cannot be questioned. So much will perhaps suffice to give the reader a general impression of the nature of a portion of Shakespeare's writings with which every student should be acquainted.

When we come to the more familiar part of Shakespeare's work, we find at once that it can most easily be considered under the usual divisions of Historical plays, Comedies, and Tragedies. No attempt will be made to discuss each individual play. Complete lists may readily be found in any of the larger books on English literature or in one of the numerous single volume editions of Shakespeare. The historical plays represent the earliest period of Shakespeare's development as a dramatist. In these he took his facts from chronicle writers like Holinshed, or earlier dramatists

like Marlowe, and worked them over after his own fashion into dramas wholly different from his sources. Instead of trying to cover a whole reign, for instance, in a play, he selected and shaped incidents that would make a dramatic unit. What he was learning to do when he wrote the historical dramas was to present men in action. He did not stick faithfully to history, yet he presented his characters as acting so realistically that even such a distinguished statesman as Chatham acknowledged that he learned all his English history from Shakespeare. Sometimes he depicts a character in an entirely different aspect from the true historical view. He makes Richard III a hunchback when the most that real history tells us is that Richard was possibly built with one shoulder slightly higher than the other, being a man of most pleasing and even perfect physical appearance except for this imperfection. In one case, too, Shakespeare seems to describe his own son Hamnet under the guise of a historical character in a play, and he causes one character to lament in the manner of his own lament over the death of his young son. His main power as a writer of historical plays has been well said by Mr. Mabie to lie in his presentation of the dominant English assertiveness which distinguished the Elizabethan age and has made England a world power from that time to this.

In the comedies, Shakespeare appears as a true humorist. He has the larger view that keeps his humor from degenerating into a mere sneer fit only to raise a laugh. He bubbles over with the joy of living. He rarely descends to pure farce. He raises the theatre-goer or the reader with him to his cheerful mood. He does not use his plays as a means for caricaturing individual persons whom he dislikes, though, to be sure, there is a belief handed down from early years that he did in one character take the opportunity of making fun of a man of his time; it is said that Shakespeare had in mind Sir Thomas Lucy when he drew the character of Justice Shallow in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*. Sir Thomas Lucy, it will be remembered, was the owner of the estate on which, according to tradition, Shakespeare was "taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity." Though the tradition that Shakespeare caricatured Lucy may be true, this was not the custom of the peerless dramatist. His humor is too kindly for him to resort often to caricature of contemporaries. His comedies are free from the jarring personal element that marks an inferior dramatist. One cannot imagine a Shakespeare lampooning an enemy in a play as Pope did in a satire. Shakespeare's humor gives joy to the ages.

The comedies of Shakespeare are entertaining be-

cause of the humorous situations with which they abound, but they are enjoyed by all men not because of the ludicrous action, but because of the characters. These are real living persons moulded from his imagination or infused with life from the stock figures of the plays which he adapts or rewrites. When he has completed his characters at the end of the last act, they stand out alive for all time. In his historical plays Shakespeare grasped the national Elizabethan spirit of England and passed the knowledge of it along to future generations. In his comedies he realized the merriest side of human life, and with it has made the world merrier ever since.

Comedy springs from the same source as tragedy. The greatest writer of comedy might be equally successful in writing tragedy. Shakespeare's tragedies are probably played more often than his comedies. It is by perfecting himself in a tragedy of Shakespeare and obtaining wide recognition for successful interpretation of a supreme tragic rôle that the accomplished actor of the day makes sure for himself a place in the short list of names of distinguished Shakespearian actors. The tragedies of Shakespeare mark the climax of his dramatic genius and skill. In them he shows his widest view of life and his most perfect art in construction. He was now at the height of his success in life, so far as success is measured by

property, friends, physical ease, and assured position. Yet he had been sobered by the death of his father and of his son Hamnet. One of the friends whom he most admired had lost his life in an alleged plot against Queen Elizabeth. The Puritan reaction against the stage had already begun to set in. The most prominent play-writers of the day were engaged in a bitter controversy. Thus many influences were beginning to stir the serious side of his own nature. As a result, he produced the masterpieces of tragedy which have been translated into all languages and have been universal in their appeal to the instincts of human experience.

In *Julius Cæsar* he turned from his previous sources of early chronicle and inferior plays to the matchless biographies of Plutarch. The story which he found in Plutarch he formed into a tragedy of remarkable vitality. In *Hamlet* he made use of a story familiar for generations before his time and known everywhere through northern Europe during the fifteenth century. He changed the form of the story, making in his drama an inevitable tragic conclusion. In *Macbeth* he again made use of early history, but transformed it to suit the needs of his tragedy. About each of these plays there clings a vast library of commentary and controversy. Some critics have argued that *Julius Cæsar* is improperly named, that Brutus is the hero

and not Cæsar; that *Hamlet* is a play having for its hero a young man insane and irresponsible; and that *Macbeth* presents as its central character a man urged on to diabolic crimes by the fatal influence of the witches, or else completely dominated by the overpowering personality of an evil genius, his wife. Other critics have contended, on the other hand, that Cæsar is truly the ruling power which determines all parts of the tragedy; that Hamlet is a youth of the most sensitive nature, feigning insanity for years, and at last overwhelmed by the turn of outward circumstances; and that Macbeth is a free agent becoming more and more embroiled in the villanies of his own voluntary wickedness. The fact that Shakespeare could produce tragedies calling out such diverse opinions and astonishing resources of critical exegesis must be set down to his masterful grasp of life in all its complexities, and must be considered the crowning tribute to his power and insight as a world's dramatist.

Regarding other tragedies of Shakespeare little need be said in this brief sketch. Mr. Mabie ranks the tragedies of *Othello* and *King Lear* along with *Hamlet* and *Macbeth* as Shakespeare's masterpieces; and he characterizes *King Lear* as the play in which "the tragic art of Shakespeare reaches its sublimest height," as, in fact, "the greatest dramatic achievement of our race." If the student can in school be stimulated to

read for himself and make his own spiritual possession the tragedy of *King Lear*, or any one of the tragedies, or comedies, or historical plays of Shakespeare that he is not *required* to read in a course, he may count that day blessed on which his parents determined upon giving him the privileges and opportunities of a secondary school education.

THE STAGE IN SHAKESPEARE'S TIME

Nowadays when a play of Shakespeare is performed, the characters are dressed in costumes intended to represent with some accuracy the kind of apparel which persons of the time indicated in the play probably wore. For instance, in the staging of the play *Julius Cæsar*, some of the actors are made to wear loose, flowing togas constructed with an eye to historical accuracy; and in *As You Like It* the foresters wear garments such as actual foresters of the early period of English history really wore. Again, at the present time when Shakespeare is on the boards, elaborate scenery is often prepared in order to show the exact locality where the action takes place, as, for example, in the city of Rome or of Venice, beside a beautiful flowing stream or in front of the palace of a king.

All this attempt at dressing the part and helping the playgoer by accurate and beautiful scenery was wholly neglected in Shakespeare's time. When Shakespeare was himself an actor in plays, the characters, it is true, were often garbed in rich costumes, as may be seen from an old account book of one of the theatres, where there is an item of £19 for a single velvet cloak, and where there is mention of the cost of the silk and taffeta used in numerous splendid costumes. But these were not designed accurately to represent the part. The same rich clothes answered for all types of plays, and were worn indifferently by actors representing peasants in the inn yard, nobles in the court, or soldiers on the battlefield. Perhaps a crown might be worn by a king or a sword might be carried by a soldier; otherwise there was no dressing of the part. Moreover, there was no arrangement of scenery to help the observer to understand the true appearance of the place where the action occurred. If it was desired to represent a counting-house on the sixteenth century stage, a table on which were the materials for writing had to serve the purpose. If the drama called for an upper room in one scene, battlements in another, a hillside in still another, and even Mount Olympus in a fourth, the same rude balcony at the back of the stage had to do duty for all. Sir Philip Sidney in his *Defense of Poesie* commented on the necessity for imagining the

same bare timbers to represent in quick succession a garden, a rocky coast, a cave, and a battlefield; and for believing Africa to be on one side of the stage and Asia on the other. Baker, however, takes the position that, at least in the private Blackfriars Theatre, there was considerable scenery early in the seventeenth century. Still, it may be said regarding most of the theatres that if the actors desired to show that they were presenting a scene which occurred in Rome, they simply put up in the front part of the stage a placard: ROME. Then, if the scene changed, they erected another placard in a different part of the stage, reading perhaps: FIELD OF PHILIPPI. That such crudity is wholly apart from our modern notions of staging may be seen from the anecdote told by Sir Henry Irving, the great Shakespearian actor, regarding a remarkable performance which he once gave at West Point, "where there was no scenery, and where we had to put up signs which read, 'This is a court,' 'This is a street,' and so on." (*New York Sun*, October 15, 1901.) The same stage arrangement, on the contrary, served in Shakespearian days as a matter of course for practically any place necessary, and no one thought of the incongruity. In short, it may be said that no consideration was given to the time and place of the play. Mr. Brander Matthews in his *Studies of the Stage* sums up the matter by remarking that the stage appliances

of Shakespeare's time were so few and scanty as to be almost wholly absent. "The physical conditions of the stage under Shakespeare are altogether other than those of our time."

Furthermore, if the play called for a large army, a few members of the acting company had to serve for the "army." The companies of actors consisted usually of but ten or a dozen persons, of whom only two or three were really actors. The rest were what we call supernumeraries; they were paid so much a job, just as a carpenter or a shoemaker might be paid. The company with which Shakespeare acted at the Globe Theatre in 1599 is pointed out as exceptionally large, since it consisted of sixteen persons. The imagination of the playgoer, obviously, had to be used; the eager observer by his lively imagination came to believe that the half dozen straggling actors represented, say, all of Brutus's army. In the chorus which serves as prologue to *Henry V* the dramatist begs the audience to let their "imaginary forces work," to supplement "imperfections with their thoughts," and to imagine that, when there is talk of horses, they see the horses "printing their proud hoofs in the receiving earth." In all this the idea of the dramatist evidently is that spectacular machinery could be of no use without imagination, and that, with imagination, scenery might be neglected. To most persons of to-

day the stage settings of the Elizabethan age would seem laughably crude and inadequate. The audience was interested in those days not in where the actor was, but altogether in what he was doing.

Again, even with so small a company of actors, another limitation was imposed. Women never appeared on the stage to take the rôles supposed to be played by women. Instead, small boys or young men whose voices were suitable took all female parts. That which makes half the fun of a college play where young men take the female rôles was accepted without comment in Shakespeare's time. It became particularly difficult for the Elizabethan boy "actress" when he had to play the part of a lady who at some point in the drama assumed the disguise of a man. The task for the youthful player then was to pretend to be a boy and yet not to show too plainly that he was a boy. The part of a Rosalind, it may be conjectured, was not easy to fill satisfactorily — a fact which Shakespeare himself seems to have recognized, for he makes Rosalind in the epilogue of *As You Like It* say, "If I were a woman, I would kiss as many."

These peculiarities of the staging of a play in Shakespeare's era must be clearly comprehended in order that the student may read any one of the plays intelligently. Various references to the modes of dress in the playwright's own time may, for example, bewilder

the young student who has gone far enough in his studies to detect apparent inaccuracies and anachronisms in the matter of dress and manners in *Julius Cæsar* or *Macbeth*. There are in *Julius Cæsar* numerous references to *doublets* (Act I, Scene 2) and other articles of dress worn in the sixteenth century, but not known at all in the century before the birth of Christ.

In *As You Like It* there is particular necessity for understanding the manner of stage representation in Shakespeare's day. This play seems now to depend largely on scenic effects, particularly when the scene is laid in the Forest of Arden with the different kinds of trees appearing prominently in the background. The need for knowing about the Elizabethan mode of playing this comedy and other dramas, practically without scenery, may be realized from a schoolroom incident. Line 186 of Act III, Scene 2, contains a reference to a palm tree in the Forest of Arden. When asked why the dramatist included palm trees among the trees of the forest, a high school senior ingeniously suggested that it was probably because palms could more easily be secured for the stage than oak trees or maple trees. In the light of the present, this answer was not preposterous, for certainly a palm would now be easier to secure in a city for the stage than an oak or a maple. Yet, when one is aware of

the real conditions under which Shakespeare's plays were first presented — that not even pictures of trees were customarily employed — one can see that the senior's reason was purely fanciful. Since the Forest of Arden of the play is not in any definite country, the insertion of a reference to palms or olives cannot be condemned as an inaccuracy, nor on the other hand can it be praised as an attempt to lighten the work of stage presentation. *As You Like It*, when played for the first time almost exactly three hundred years ago, had no assistance from the art of the scene shifter.

Regarding the theatre itself, a few words may be written. The playhouse frequently resembled an ancient inn yard, which had an open area and two or three tiers of galleries with rooms at the back. In fact, Baker holds that the inn yard served as a model for the first English theatre. One theatre, the Fortune, had a stage forty-three feet wide and thirty-nine and one-half feet deep, including the tiring-room at the rear. Though the distance from the floor to the ceiling was only thirty-two feet, there were three galleries. The stage jutted out into the pit, or open, unroofed portion of the house. In some of the theatres the stage proper was largely occupied by spectators, and was visible from all sides. Ordinarily the stage was strewn with rushes and was partially concealed by a curtain. The men of fashion paid a shilling for

admission and an extra shilling for a three-legged stool on the stage. Here they chatted and smoked at pleasure. They assumed the privilege of making remarks during the play to the actors whenever they pleased. The poorer enthusiasts paid a few pence for standing-room in the pit. These "pitters" or "groundlings" or "undertakers," as they were variously called, chaffed each other and the players, quarrelled, scuffled, drank beer, and when necessary ran to the garbage barrel placed conveniently in the centre. Truly the pit, ill-smelling and often profane, was not a cheerful subject for contemplation to any spectator of finer sensibilities a century or two in advance of his time. For a brief but extremely vivid account of this feature of the theatre, resort should be had to Taine's brilliant study of English prose literature, Book II, Chapter II.

One theatre in London is famous because of Shakespeare's prominent connection with it. This is the Globe Theatre, built in the outskirts of the city, on the Bankside, Southwark, in 1597, at a cost of £600. It was a hexagon in shape, and was built of wood. It had for its sign Atlas supporting the world, beneath which was the motto *Totus mundus agit histrionem*. Since *As You Like It* was first produced in this theatre, some writers have conjectured that this motto served Shakespeare as a suggestion for his lines beginning, "All the world's a stage." The covered part

of the building was roofed with straw. This famous structure was burned in 1613, during the performance of one of Shakespeare's last plays, *Henry VIII.* According to the generally accepted story of its burning, the theatre was set on fire by wadding from a cannon which was shot off in the course of the play. Inside of an hour (two hours, in the opinion of Mr. Baker), the whole building was in ashes. The point of particular interest about the destruction of the Globe is that this performance appears to have marked a distinct step toward the elaborate stage machinery and "upholstery" of later days; for extraordinary care had been spent on the scenery and costuming for this disastrous presentation. In the beginning of Shakespeare's connection with the stage, there was no such anxiety to make scenery or cannons correspond with the action of the play.

LODGE'S "ROSALYNDE"

A slightly stained but otherwise perfect copy of the *editio princeps* of Thomas Lodge's *Rosalynde* was sold lately for two hundred guineas. The book was imprinted by Thomas Orwin for T. G. and John Busbie, 1590. George Steevens says that in *As You Like It* Shakespeare followed this work of Lodge more exactly than is his general custom when he is

indebted to such originals. Only one other copy of this first edition has been traced in over a century, and that one copy lacked four leaves, so that the copy which was sold for two hundred guineas is unique. That so high a price as this was obtained for the volume is probably due, however, in large measure, to the general impression that Shakespeare used *Rosalynde* in making his unmatched pastoral comedy of *As You Like It*. A summary of the contents of the novel will help to make the study of the play interesting by affording a basis for consideration of the question how vastly superior the drama is to the original story.

A father, Sir John of Bordeaux, on his death-bed bequeathed his property to his three sons, Saladine, Fernandine, and Rosader. He particularly enjoined upon the brothers to dwell together in amity. After his death, Fernandine was sent off by the oldest brother to the university for an education, Saladine developed considerable skill in managing the estate, and Rosader, the youngest, was kept at home as a menial servant on the family property. This continued for some time. Fernandine, in fact, appears scarcely at all in the story; he remained quietly at the university, cultivating his mind and learning the graces of good manners.

The oldest and the youngest brother, on the other hand, are active throughout the narrative. Their enmity and final reconciliation impress the father's dying request as a moral on the mind of the reader. The youngest son, Rosader, feeling his manhood stirring within him, rebelled at the lack of advantages offered him by his oldest brother. When a celebrated wrestler appeared at the court of King Torismond, Rosader met the wrestler and overcame him. At the time of the encounter he fell in love with Rosalynde, daughter of the rightful king, Gerismond, whose throne Torismond had usurped.

On the day of the wrestling match Torismond banished from his kingdom his niece Rosalynde and his daughter Alinda, who pleaded with her father to change his mind about banishing Rosalynde. The two girls went to the Forest of Arden, in France, where Rosalynde's father was in exile, living as a King of Outlaws. Before starting into the unknown paths of the forest, Rosalynde donned the garments of a page to act as protector to Alinda, and assumed the name of Ganimede. After Rosalynde and Alinda had left the court, Rosader was forced by his brother also to flee, for the two brothers had now become intensely hostile to each other. First Saladine chained Rosader in the house and exhibited him to friends of the family as a lunatic. Then Rosader, with the aid

of old Adam, a faithful servant of the lamented Sir John of Bordeaux, escaped from his chains, broke through a band of lusty sheriffs' followers, and safely reached the same forest to which Rosalynde (Ganimede) and Alinda had made their unprotected way. Here he found employment as forester in the service of the banished King of Outlaws, Gerismond. He passed his spare time in making sonnets to Rosalynde, whom he had loved at first sight, but whom he now never dreamed of seeing again.

Rosalynde (Ganimede) and Alinda discovered some of the sonnets, posted on trees; by and by they had the happiness to meet Rosader himself. Rosalynde, still dressed as the page of Alinda, and so not recognized by Rosader, persuaded the valiant wrestler to make love to her dressed in male garb as she was, as if she were really his adorable Rosalynde. In order to test Rosader, she even tried, without effect, to make him transfer his affections to her companion Alinda. This idyllic wooing continued until Rosader discovered his brother Saladine in the forest, who, it appears, had been banished thither by the usurping king. This king had a way of getting rid of the people whose property he coveted. Rosader rescued Saladine from a lion, and the two brothers became reconciled. Saladine promptly fell in love with Alinda and arranged to marry her on a Sunday.

Before the marriage day, however, a band of robbers, hearing of the remarkable beauty of Alinda, tried to kidnap her one morning when she was in the company of Rosader and Ganimede. Rosader offered a stanch resistance, but was overpowered by numbers. Luckily Saladine arrived in the nick of time to rescue the party. Rosalynde (Ganimede) on the day appointed for Alinda's marriage revealed herself to her father in her own person, putting off the page's attire which she had thus far worn in the forest and taking again her real name, Rosalynde. Then she married Rosader. At the same time Saladine and Alinda were married. While the couples were enjoying the wedding dinner "in the parlor," the university son, Fernandine, brought news of the approach of an army under the usurping king. The rightful king and the three sons of Sir John of Bordeaux joined an army, hastily gathered, and won a big victory over the usurper, who was fortunately killed in the battle. Then all, being restored to their rightful estates and being securely married, were happy.

A skeleton narrative such as this fails to take into account the little details of the action that hold one's interest throughout. The making of sonnets by Rosader and Rosalynde, by Saladine and Alinda, must be passed by entirely. The details of the quarrels between Rosader and Saladine and of their final recon-

ciliation have not found a place in the outline. Moreover, several entertaining minor characters have not been mentioned at all. Two shepherds, Coridon and Montanus, and a shepherdess, Phœbe, have been purposely overlooked in the simplification of the narrative. Phœbe scorned Montanus, but fell in love with Rosalynde (Ganimede). The beautiful page finally turned Phœbe's love over to Montanus, and these two made a third couple on the festive wedding day. Yet, though details have been omitted, the account given fairly represents the plot of Lodge's *Rosalynde*.

The questions now arise, how far is Shakespeare indebted to Lodge for the incidents of his *As You Like It*, and how far has he departed from the source of his play? How largely he has drawn on the novel may be readily understood by comparing the narrative just given with the plot of the drama. In Shakespeare's comedy two brothers quarrel. One, the youngest of three sons, flees to the Forest of Arden, after having defeated a burly wrestler and won the unavowed love of the niece of an outlawed duke. The eldest brother soon follows, banished by the usurping duke with the command that he search out his brother and produce him at the court of the duke. Before the departure of the eldest brother, two young ladies, one the daughter of the reigning duke and the other her

cousin, daughter of the rightful, but exiled duke, also flee to the forest. In the forest the two brothers and the two cousins meet and avow their love. The two brothers are reconciled to each other, about as in the novel. The middle brother appears in the play with the news that the usurping duke has seen the error of his way and has resigned his throne in favor of his elder brother, the proper ruler. The play closes with cheerful music and rustic gambols preparatory to the marriage. In the play the shepherd and shepherdess are also ready to be married with the two other couples.

From this account the reader will observe that the plot in the two works is in its main outlines substantially the same. The most striking differences are the omission of the death-bed scene, when the father bequeathed his property to his three sons, the cutting out of the actual marriages, and the neglecting to insert the fight between the two armies and the rescue of Celia from the robbers. The first omission may be accounted for by the necessity for shortening the time of action in the drama, the second by the need for compressing all into five acts and for leaving something to the imagination, and the third by the desire to avoid on the stage a scene which would distinctly mar the play as a comedy, which would in fact make it a tragedy, since the offending character loses his

life by violence. The clash of arms, too, with the robbers would be scarcely appropriate in Shakespeare's comedy.

This last omission, however, has given occasion for the most serious criticism that has been made on the structure of the play. Is it plausible for Oliver to marry Celia (Aliena)? Has there been presented in the play anything to make it seem likely that Celia would fall in love with Oliver or Oliver with Celia? Must the match be set down solely to the familiar "Love at first sight"? Must we accept the situation only because the author has put it in the play, and not dare to consider it a blemish? Numerous critics have held up their hands in dismay at the discovery of this piece of what they deem faulty construction. Gollancz, for instance, in his introduction to the Temple Classics edition of Shakespeare says that the omission of some motive for Celia's ready acceptance of Oliver's suit produces "the only unsatisfactory element in the whole play." Swinburne speaks of this as the "one unlucky slip of the brush" on a corner of the canvas. Yet, as Swinburne suggests, undoubtedly Shakespeare's one "slip" is better than George Sand's transference of Celia's hand to Jaques. In this particular, Shakespeare would better have taken a hint from *Rosalynde*. He might have caused one of the characters to tell how Oliver rescued Celia from a

band of robbers that was on the point of kidnapping her.

Though there are only these main omissions, there are many variations in detail which cannot be brought out by so condensed a comparison, but which are pointed out in the Notes. Moreover, important insertions of characters in the play make the two productions entirely different in tone. The dramatist has introduced on his own account Jaques, Touchstone, and Audrey. These are not mentioned at all by Lodge, even under different names, but are largely responsible for the lightsome, merry tone of the play. Indeed, it is a question whether any two persons in *As You Like It* have more to do with giving it the distinctive character of which one never tires than Touchstone and Jaques.

In quality the two works can scarcely be compared. The songs of Shakespeare are incomparably superior to those of Lodge; Lodge's dialogue is tiresome compared with Shakespeare's; Lodge's endless repetitions of mythological references to Ixion embracing Juno in a cloud and stories of this sort become intolerable. Nevertheless, it will repay any student of *As You Like It* to spend an evening over the hundred and fifty pages of Lodge's *Rosalynde*.

VERSE STRUCTURE

Shakespeare's plays are written for the most part in blank verse, that is, in iambic pentameter, unrhymed. There are, however, many shorter lines, of two, three, or four feet; sometimes parts of the plays are in rhyme; and parts are merely prose. Knowledge of the meanings of the terms iambic, pentameter, unrhymed, and rhymed may perhaps be assumed to be possessed by the high school student who is ready for the study of *As You Like It*, since such a student has probably studied in class at least one play of Shakespeare. *As You Like It* is rarely inserted in a course as the first of the dramatist's plays to be studied. Yet, by way of clinching one's ideas on the subject, one will not be harmed by reading an explanation in simple language of what is meant by these different terms.

IAMBIC, as used above, means a kind of verse in which the accent falls on the second of each pair of syllables which make up the verse. For instance, the word appliéd, which no one would think of pronouncing ápplied, is a plain example of two syllables of which the second is accented. If you put any two syllables side by side in this way in a line of poetry, you have what is called an iambic foot. Add now two more

syllables, of which one is not accented and the other is accented, and you have two iambic feet. Now let a cross (×) stand for the unaccented syllable and an accent (/) stand for the accented syllable. A line of this kind, called iambic dimeter, may be represented thus:—

× / | × /

Instead of the cross (×), some writers of text-books use the breve (⏑) to represent unaccented syllables; they use the macron (—) to represent accented syllables. It is easy to construct iambic dimeter lines, as "Defend yourself," taken from one of Oliver Herford's jingles, or "Begone, I say," from III, 4 of *As You Like It*. Turn to the song in the second scene of Act IV for another example. A line in which there are six syllables arranged with alternation of unaccented and accented syllables is called iambic trimeter, *e.g.*, "Sweet lovers love the spring"; and one of eight syllables, iambic tetrameter, *e.g.*, "And then I'll study how to die." Now we come to the most frequent kind of line in the plays, iambic pentameter, as

"'Tis nót your ínky bróws, your blácк silk háir."

The above is a perfect pentameter line. Not all of Shakespeare's iambic pentameters are perfect; there are a few little quirks in the verse structure. Occasionally there is an extra unaccented syllable at

the end of the line, so that the last foot looks like this: × / × and is called *amphibrach.* Sometimes, too, instead of an iambic foot there may be a foot consisting of two unaccented syllables followed by an accented, viz., an *anapestic* foot; or there may be, particularly at the beginning of the line, a foot consisting of an accented and an unaccented syllable, viz., a *trochaic* foot. With these exceptions, the pentameters are fairly regular.

UNRHYMED. Turn to III, 5, 47 in *As You Like It:*

"Your bugle eye-balls nor your cheek of cream."

You observe that this line immediately follows the line quoted above regarding the inky eyebrows. Line 46 ends with the word "hair," and line 47, with the word "cream." The two words do not sound at all alike. They end in different consonants, and their vowel sounds are different; the lines, that is, do not rhyme. Most of Shakespeare's iambic pentameters are like these in that they do not rhyme.

RHYMED. On the other hand, scattered through *As You Like It* are various songs in which the words at the ends of two successive lines do sound alike:

"You and you no cross shall part,
You and you are heart in heart."

Except for the initial letter, the word "part" has the same sound as the word "heart." These two words rhyme, and the poetry here is called *rhymed.*

Just as frequent in the songs as the lines in which the last syllable of a line sounds like the last syllable of the next line are verses like the following: —

> "Why should this a desert be?
> For it is unpeopled? No;
> Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
> That shall civil saying show."

In the above, notice that the word "be," which ends the first line, rhymes with "tree," which ends the third line; and that "No" rhymes with "show."

Thus far, what has been said in an elementary way on the verse structure would apply to almost any of Shakespeare's plays. There are a few peculiarities in *As You Like It* that deserve especial attention. First of all, it may be remarked that while in a play like *Julius Cæsar* the parts in prose are less than seven per cent. of the whole, in *As You Like It* the proportion is fifty-eight per cent. Why this difference is found need not be discussed here; the student himself should ponder the matter. Again, there are in the play certain lines which offer individual peculiarities of scansion, as for instance the following: —

II, 1, 18. Duke Senior ends his famous speech in praise of the sylvan life by the words, "I would not change it." These words begin a new line of the play, but evidently cannot be twisted into a pentameter. The truth is that the completed pentameter verse continues with the words by which Lord Amiens begins his reply to the Duke, "Happy is your Grace." The perfect pentameter line is, then: —

"I would not change it. Happy is your Grace,"

which consists of parts of two speeches. This peculiarity, common in the plays of Shakespeare, must be kept in mind when one is counting the lines of a scene. Another line of this sort is line 25 of the same scene: —

"Have their round haunches gored. Indeed, my lord."

II, 1, 31.

"Under an oak whose antique root peeps out."

In order to scan this line smoothly it is necessary to accent "antique" on the first syllable. Other cases where words must be pronounced with an accent different from the normal pronunciation of our day will be met elsewhere in the play.

II, 4, 36.

"Thou hast not loved."

Note that this short line is repeated in 39 and 42.

II, 4, 67 and 68.

"Peace, fool: he's not thy kinsman. Who calls?
Your betters, sir. Else are they very wretched."

It is sometimes puzzling to know whether, when a line seems to be made up of parts of two speeches, it would not be better to call the words plain prose. Line 67 is difficult of pentameter scansion, but 68 is quite easy.

II, 4, 99 and 100.

"I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly."

Notice the rhyme. This is a couplet.

II, 7, 152.

"Seeking the bubble reputation."

At first glance this would seem to be either prose, or else too short for a pentameter. The dramatist would evidently have the last word pronounced as of five syllables: rep-u-ta-ti-on.

III, 2, 133–162. It is possible to read all these lines as iambics, with an unaccented syllable missing at the beginning of most of the lines.

III, 4, 59.

"If you will mark it. O, come, let us remove."

Here the exclamation "O" is slipped into the line without effect on the scansion.

III, 5, 27.

"That can do hurt. O dear Phebe."

One of the editors prints "deere" instead of "dear," and suggests that the word is pronounced as a dissyllable, and that there should be a derisive laugh at the end of "Phebe."

III, 5, 77.

"Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better."

Here is a line where, in reading according to natural prose emphasis, five accents appear. Can the line be "scanned"?

V, 4, 184.

"Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all."

Try to read this line with five accents.

By reference to any of the rhetorics which have chapters on versification the student will find no difficulty in working out the scansion of other lines which may seem puzzling at first view. Chapter VI of Hart's *Composition and Rhetoric* (Revised Edition) will be found particularly good. Chapter IX of Watrous's *Composition and Rhetoric* and Appendix F of Scott and Denney's *Composition-Rhetoric* will also be found helpful.

SUBJECTS FOR COMPOSITION

1. Develop the following topic sentences: —

a. The words "shrunk shank," in II, 7, 161, are [*or* are not] a blemish in Jaques's otherwise admirable comparison of the world to a stage.

b. Duke Senior had no truly excellent characteristics; he was, in fact, conceited and pompous.

c. It is hard to see how any one can help admiring the simple, unaffected character of Rosalind's father.

d. Shakespeare uses many words in senses peculiar or unknown at the present time.

e. For real helpfulness to me I think it is better that I should look up puzzling words in the dictionaries than that I should merely try to commit to memory the explanations found in some annotated editions.

f. Even if I have to spend as long a time in the work as in mastering difficult problems in mathematics, it is worth while for me to study out by comparison of various dictionaries the exact meaning of hard passages in *As You Like It.*

g. Study of the structure of *As You Like It* helps the pupil to appreciate better the qualities, good or bad, of any comedy.

h. Compared with *As You Like It,* most modern

comedies now being played are decidedly inferior in certain important respects.

2. Formulate into a series of short propositions, modelled somewhat after those of Corin, III, 2, 24–32, the philosophy of Touchstone, of Duke Senior, of Jaques; of Cassius (*Julius Cæsar*), of Shylock (*The Merchant of Venice*), of Malcolm (*Macbeth*); of Dolly Winthrop (*Silas Marner*), of Hawkeye (*The Last of the Mohicans*), of Colonel Lambert (*The Virginians*), of the Clerk of Copmanhurst (*Ivanhoe*), and of the Spectator (*Sir Roger de Coverley Papers*).

3. Present as fully and clearly as you can an idea of what kind of person Orlando was, by each of the following methods: —

a. Imagine a couple of Oliver's servants talking about Orlando and reproduce what you think they might have said.

b. Relate in dialogue form what two court beauties other than Rosalind and Celia might have said to each other concerning the strong young wrestler who overcame and disabled the veteran Charles. Perhaps let these imaginary young women talk over the match just after its occurrence.

c. Reproduce an imaginary conversation in which three of the court gallants comment on Orlando's skill or good luck.

d. Write a monologue in which Orlando shall utter

the thoughts that might have come to him when he was in the forest hunting for food for Adam.

e. Relate briskly and in condensed form what Orlando actually does in the play.

f. Write a longer composition combining the three methods of presenting Orlando's character by what people say about him, by what he says himself, and by what he does.

4. Describe fully the Forest of Arden, bringing in all details that you find in the play.

5. Discuss the use of puns in the play.

6. It is said that running through the whole play there is a vein of sadness. Point out the parts of the play that show this sadness.

7. The romance of Corin and Audrey is thought by some persons to be a parody of that of Rosalind and Orlando. Show how far this is true.

8. Explain to what extent the pastoral life represented in *As You Like It* is artificial [*or* natural].

9. Compare the kind of clothes men wore in the early part of the sixteenth century with the kind they wear in the twentieth.

10. Comment on the language and grammar of the play, including discussions of Shakespeare's use of infinitives and words in peculiar senses.

11. Translate II, 1, 5–17 into literal prose, and then compare closely with the original. Try after this to

insert a little figurative language into your paraphrase, and decide whether you can improve your writing in this way.

12. Prove that the Forest of Arden of *As You Like It* was in England [*or* was not in England].

13. Show the relation between the development of the action of Act II and the shifting of the scene from the forest to the palace, to the garden, and back to the forest. Ingenuity and skill of a high order are to be discovered here by a careful study of the dramatist's method.

14. Translate II, 3, 38–53 and II, 3, 56–68 into your own words, making it plain by your rewriting that you understand the figures of speech in the two passages.

15. Narrate fully what each character *does* in the play.

16. Describe the circumstances under which the following was uttered and explain its meaning: —

> "And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
> Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

17. Rosalind has been called "one of the most enchanting women in literature." Show by comparison with other women in English literature that this is a true characterization.

18. Write an imaginary dialogue between Ganimede and Orlando of about two hundred words in iambic pentameter verse.

19. Mr. Rolfe, as the result of a painstaking count of the number of lines spoken by each character in the play, finds that Rosalind spoke 749 lines, which is a greater number than those spoken by any other woman in Shakespeare; that Orlando spoke 322; Touchstone, 316; Celia, 304; and Jaques, 235. Show the bearing of these statistics on the relative importance of the above characters in the drama.

20. Expand into short paragraphs, of about seventy-five words each, the following comments by different authors on various points of the play: (*a*) "The delicate vein of satire in *As You Like It* is what keeps it from lapsing into sham." (*b*) "*As You Like It* is less magnificent than the *Merchant of Venice*, yet it keeps up and leaves a more uniformly pleasurable impression." (*c*) "There is hardly a play of Shakespeare that contains a greater number of phrases that have become in a manner proverbial." (*d*) "The interest of *As You Like It* arises more out of the sentiments and character than out of the actions or situations. It is not what is done, but what is said, that claims our attention." (*e*) "The moral is not how to bear misfortune with a cheery mind, but how to read the lessons

in the vicissitudes of physical nature." (*f*) "Orlando is the despairing toy of chance, followed, comforted, saved by Rosalind."

QUESTIONS ON THE PLAY

Questions on the plot and on the methods of dramatic construction in the play are assembled in one place, instead of being scattered through the notes. It is not to be conceived, however, that the editor would advise the pupil to turn himself loose upon all these questions at once. It is much wiser to study them a scene or two at a time, so that the danger of mental indigestion may be avoided. By this mode the pupil will grasp the significant points of the play and cannot fail to comprehend better the methods and problems of the dramatist. In appreciating these, one will gain something that will be of value in one's independent reading of plays of Shakespeare not usually studied in school.

I, 1. What happens in this scene? What persons do what things or say what? What is the character of the principal actors? Do you admire either of these? Why? What might you expect Orlando to do if given the one thousand crowns? Why does Oliver ask Charles if he can tell whether or not Rosalind

is banished with her father? Why is Adam introduced in this scene?

I, 2. Why is the scene abruptly shifted from an "orchard of Oliver's house" to a "lawn before the Duke's palace"? Does the dramatist give us all that you imagine Rosalind and Celia said? What persons take part in the action of this scene? What, in brief, does each one do or say? What words in the scene are used in senses that seem unusual? Why is not the wrestling match between Charles and the three brothers performed on the stage? Why, on the other hand, is the match between Charles and Orlando actually represented in the scene, instead of being told by some one to the young ladies?

I, 3. Why does this scene begin thus abruptly? Why is Rosalind sad? At the close of Act I, how do you conjecture that the action will be developed? What further might you expect Rosalind to do? Celia? Orlando? Oliver? Duke F.? Touchstone? What part do you imagine Charles and Le Beau will play in the later development of the action? Who proposes the plan to fly to the forest? Is this significant of her character?

II, 1. What figures of speech are found in this scene? Why are they used instead of plain, literal statements? Does the conversation seem natural? Do you think any duke ever talked to his followers as

Duke S. talks to Amiens? Are the characters real live persons or merely like marionettes moved about at the whim of the author? Do you find any indication regarding the time of day or the period in the world's history at which this scene is supposed to take place? Where is the Forest of Arden? How does Jaques come to be in the forest? With what single adjective would you characterize Jaques, — sad, cheerful, sober, serious, witty, or what? Do any of the verbs and adjectives seem to lend particular vividness or liveliness to the scene? Is any part of the scene pathetic?

II, 2. What contrast is there between the spirit or tone of scenes 1 and 2? Does there appear to be any artistic reason for this contrast? Does it seem natural that the daughter of Duke Frederick should love the daughter of Duke Senior? When is the flight of the girls reported to Duke Frederick?

II, 3. About how old was Adam in the play? What is the figure in "But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree"?

II, 4. Would it be difficult for a boy to play the part of Rosalind in this scene? What feminine traits does the disguised Rosalind show in this scene? Why does Rosalind love Celia? Why are Rosalind and Celia in the Forest of Arden? Do they appear to be making haste to accomplish their purpose? Can you

picture to yourself Corin and Silvius entering in solemn talk? Where are Rosalind and Celia while Silvius and Corin are talking? What is Touchstone doing at this time?

II, 5. Why does this scene begin with a song? How does the talk between Amiens and Jaques advance the action of the play?

II, 6. What later actions might you expect Orlando to perform after he has promised that he will get something to eat for Adam, if there is any live thing in the "desert"?

II, 7. Where is the greater part of Act II set? Why here? Can you conjecture what may have been going on at court meanwhile? What is the figure of speech in "Blow, blow, thou winter wind"?

III, 1. Why does Duke F. wish Oliver to find Orlando?

III, 2. Would a real live shepherd talk as Corin talks in this scene? Do you find Touchstone a particularly amusing person? Do you think Rosalind is merely feigning that she cannot guess who was the author of the verses? What characteristic does Celia show in this scene? Is Rosalind fair to her sex in saying, "Do you not know I am a woman? When I think, I must speak"? Who in this scene is most successful at retort? What is the most cutting remark made in the scene? What figure of speech do

you observe in "the lazy foot of time"? When were clocks first used? When Rosalind makes her statements on page 66, why does not Orlando ask her to explain them in regular succession? Is it plausible for Orlando not to recognize Rosalind? Do madmen now "deserve well a dark house and a whip"? What has Celia been doing in the course of this scene as told by Shakespeare, and filled out by yourself?

III, 3. What is the use in introducing Audrey into the comedy? Do you see any significance in the name Sir Oliver Martext? Was Touchstone a person of good breeding and manners?

III, 4. What puns have you noticed in the play thus far? When did Orlando swear that he "would come this morning"?

III, 5. How does this scene advance the action of the play? What is the use of the scene? What might Rosalind say to Celia in talking over with her the love-making of Silvius? What did Rosalind look like, dressed as a man? (Try to make a pen or pencil sketch of her; do not be abashed if your success is not remarkable.)

IV, 1. Express in a single short paragraph what has happened in the play up to Act IV. Why does Rosalind go through with the mock marriage? Who shows off the better in this scene, Rosalind or Celia?

IV, 2. How does this scene advance the action of

the play? Why not omit it? What is gained by it?

IV, 3. What was Phebe's personal appearance? What use is made of description in this scene? What was Celia's complexion? Is it true that the disposition of a lion is not to prey on anything that seems dead? In line 128, who saw Orlando twice turn his back? How do you know that he actually did this? Why does not Celia rather than Rosalind ask about the napkin stained with blood? Is Rosalind's swoon counterfeit? Does Oliver in line 174 know that Rosalind is merely masquerading? Is it natural that Oliver should be so suddenly transformed in character?

V, 1. Has there been a hero in the play up to Act V? a heroine? What do you mean by the words "hero" and "heroine"? Through the fourth act do you consider the play a comedy? Point out elements of comedy in this drama.

V, 2. Is it reasonable to suppose that Orlando would continue through this scene unaware that Ganymede is Rosalind? What effect does the dramatist gain by the repetition in lines 90–112?

V, 3. What is this scene for in the play?

V, 4. How much time elapses in the play? (Make an analysis scene by scene.) Is Rosalind actually married to Orlando in the play? What is the function of Rosalind's speech in lines 19–23? Does the speech

add any new material? What is the purpose of Touchstone's speech in lines 94–108? Does it seem natural that Duke S. should merely recognize certain "lively touches of his daughter's favor" in Ganymede? Is it plausible that Phebe should recognize in Rosalind, dressed in feminine apparel, the same Ganymede with whom she had fallen in love? (See lines 126–127.) Who are the eight that must take hands to join in Hymen's bands? Is the conversion of Duke F. natural? Where has Jaques de Boys been all this time? Should the dramatist be criticised adversely for calling him *Jaques* de Boys?

Epilogue. Why is the epilogue added? Does it continue the action of the play? Is it entertaining?

BIBLIOGRAPHY

The books which will be found most serviceable in such study of *A. Y. L.* as is recommended in the Prefatory Note are: first, those dealing with the life and personality of Shakespeare, — the drama will be better understood if studied in connection with the character of the dramatist and the incidents of his life; secondly, editions of this particular play; and lastly, books of general service in Shakespearian study.

1. *Life and Personality.* Probably Mr. Sidney Lee's *A Life of William Shakespeare* (The Macmillan Company) and Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie's *William Shakespeare: Poet, Dramatist, and Man* will be found most valuable. Mr. Lee's bibliography, pages 299–325, is full and luminous. His statement of facts regarding the life may usually be accepted without reservation. Mr. Mabie's book is noteworthy for the graces of style and the penetrating criticism always looked for in a work by this pleasing essayist. Both books should be in the library of the school and in the teacher's private collection. Among other works in connection with the life and character of Shakespeare may be mentioned the following good books: E. Dowden's *Shakspere,* in the Literature Primers of D. Appleton & Co., 1885; G. Brandes's *William Shakespeare: A Critical Study;* F. G. Fleay's *The Life and Work of Shakespeare;* and R. G. White's *Memoirs of the Life of William Shakespeare,* "with an essay toward the expression of his genius and an account of the rise and progress of the English drama." If these works are in the school library or in a local free library, it would be well for the teacher to assign them to different pupils for home reading and subsequent reports to the class.

2. *Editions of A. Y. L.* First, of course, among single editions is the volume of *As You Like It* in

Furness's monumental variorum edition of Shakespeare. Then comes Rolfe's excellent edition, with its complete and accurate index. Gollancz's glossary in the Temple Shakespeare will also be found useful.

3. *General Reference Books.* A pamphlet by J. O. Halliwell-Phillipps, privately printed, a copy of which may be consulted in the Astor Library, New York City, is of unusual interest in connection with the question of how to spell Shakespeare's name. The pamphlet is entitled, *New Lamps or Old?* The author shows conclusively that the name should be written SHAKESPEARE. Granting that in the time of the dramatist this was not always the spelling, Mr. Halliwell-Phillipps says: "There was then no settled orthography of surnames and a signature of those days is not conclusive evidence of the mode in which a person's name should be spelt." By way of illustration, he continues: "Burbage sometimes wrote Burbadg, while his brother signed himself Burbadge. One of the poet's sons-in-law wrote himself Quyney, Quyneye, and Conoy, while his brother, the curate, signed Quiney. Similar variations occur in Christian names of the time, that of the poet's friend Julius Shaw positively appearing as Julyus, Julius, Julie, Julyne, Jule, Julines, Julynes, July, Julye, Julyius, and Julyles." Three of Shakespeare's undisputed signatures were in the form Shakspere, to be sure, but two

printed letters have Shakespeare. Though the poet usually wrote Shakspere, his brother signed Shakespere. The name is spelled Shakespeare in the only two works printed under the poet's own superintendence. In the earliest notice of the dramatist by name in printed literature the surname appears with a hyphen, Shake-speare. To indicate the pronunciation, the longer form was always preferred. Ben Jonson wrote that Shakespeare seemed to shake a lance in every line and brandish it in the eyes of ignorance. "The only method of reconciling these inconsistencies is to adopt the name as it is bequeathed to us by his contemporaries." It is safe to say that the form Shakespeare is preferred now by the great majority of scholars.

Among general reference books that are useful in the study of *A. Y. L.* the large dictionaries should have a prominent place. Murray's *New English Dictionary*, so far as it has been completed, will be found best. For the study of puzzling questions of grammar, Edwin A. Abbott's *A Shakespearian Grammar* (Macmillan & Co., 1876) may be recommended. Students familiar with German will do well to consult frequently Franz's *Shakespeare-Grammatik*, in two volumes, Halle, 1898, 1900. In the study of *A. Y. L.* as a play, Freytag's *Teknik des Dramas* (translated by MacEwan) and W. H. Fleming's *Shakespeare's Plots*

should not be neglected. Other good reference books are Doran's *History of Court Fools* and Douce's *Dissertation on the Clowns and Fools of Shakespeare;* Knight's *History of England* and his pictorial edition of Shakespeare; Henry Giles's *Human Life in Shakespeare;* and *Shakespeare's Library*, edited by W. C. Hazlitt, the second volume of which contains a reprint of Lodge's *Rosalynde.* Park Goodwin's *A New Study of the Sonnets of Shakespeare* (June, 1900) offers an interesting division of the sonnets, — one half of them relate, as he thinks, to the passional experiences of the poet under the influence of a true and a false affection; one half relate to his poetic development, his aspirations, aims, struggles, disappointments, and final successes.

AS YOU LIKE IT

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

DUKE, *living in banishment.*
FREDERICK, *his brother, and usurper of his dominions.*
AMIENS, JAQUES, } *lords attending on the banished Duke.*
LE BEAU, *a courtier attending upon Frederick.*
CHARLES, *wrestler to Frederick.*
OLIVER, JAQUES, ORLANDO, } *sons of Sir Rowland de Boys.*
ADAM, DENNIS, } *servants to Oliver.*
TOUCHSTONE, *a clown.*
SIR OLIVER MARTEXT, *a vicar.*
CORIN, SILVIUS, } *shepherds.*
WILLIAM, *a country fellow, in love with Audrey.*
A person representing Hymen.

ROSALIND, *daughter to the banished Duke.*
CELIA, *daughter to Frederick.*
PHEBE, *a shepherdess.*
AUDREY, *a country wench.*

Lords, pages, and attendants, &c.

SCENE: *Oliver's house; Duke Frederick's court; and the Forest of Arden.*

AS YOU LIKE IT

ACT I

Scene I. *Orchard*° *of* Oliver's *house*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam

Orl. As I remember, Adam, it was upon this fashion: bequeathed° me by will but poor a thousand° crowns, and, as thou sayest, charged my brother, on his blessing, to breed me well: and there begins my sadness. My brother Jaques he keeps at school, and report speaks goldenly of his profit: for my part, he keeps me rustically at home, or, to speak more properly, stays me here at home unkept; for call you that keeping for a gentleman of my birth, that differs not from the stalling of an ox? His horses are bred better; for, besides that they are fair with their feeding, they are taught their manage,° and to that end riders dearly hired: but I, his brother, gain nothing under him but growth; for the which his animals on

his dunghills are as much bound to him as I. Besides this nothing that he so plentifully gives me, the something that nature gave me his countenance seems to take from me: he lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines my gentility with my education. This is it, Adam, that grieves me; and the spirit of my father, which I think is within me, begins to mutiny against this servitude: I will no longer endure it, though yet I know no wise remedy how to avoid it.

Adam. Yonder comes my master, your brother.

Orl. Go apart, Adam, and thou shalt hear how he will shake me up.

Enter Oliver

Oli. Now, sir! what make you here?

Orl. Nothing: I am not taught to make° anything.

Oli. What mar you then, sir?

Orl. Marry, sir, I am helping you to mar that which God made, a poor unworthy brother of yours, with idleness.

Oli. Marry, sir, be better employed, and be naught[a] awhile.

Orl. Shall I keep your hogs and eat husks with them? What prodigal portion° have I spent, that I should come to such penury?

Oli. Know you where you are, sir?

Orl. O, sir, very well; here in your orchard.

Oli. Know you before whom, sir?

Orl. Ay, better than him° I am before knows me. I know you are my eldest brother; and, in the gentle condition of blood, you should so know me. The courtesy of nations allows you my better, in that you are the first-born; but the same tradition takes not away my blood, were there twenty brothers betwixt us: I have as much of my father in me as you; albeit, I confess, your coming before me is nearer to his reverence.°

Oli. What, boy!

Orl. Come, come, elder brother, you are too young in this.°

Oli. Wilt thou lay hands° on me, villain?

Orl. I am no villain; I am the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys; he was my father, and he is thrice a villain that says such a father begot villains. Wert thou not my brother, I would not take this hand from thy throat till this other had pulled out thy tongue for saying so:° thou hast railed on thyself.

Adam. Sweet masters, be patient: for your father's remembrance,° be at accord.

Oli. Let me go, I say.

Orl. I will not, till I please: you shall hear me. My father charged you in his will to give me good education: you have trained me like a peasant, obscuring and hiding from me all gentlemanlike qualities. The spirit of my father grows strong in me, and I will no longer endure it: therefore allow me such exercises as may become a gentleman, or give me the poor allottery my father left me by testament; with that I will go buy my fortunes.

Oli. And what wilt thou do? beg, when that is spent? Well, sir, get you in: I will not long be troubled with you; you shall have some part of your will: I pray you, leave me.

Orl. I will no further offend you than becomes me for my good.

Oli. Get you with him, you old dog.

Adam. Is "old dog" my reward? Most true, I have lost my teeth in your service. God be with my old master! he would not have spoke° such a word.

[*Exeunt* Orlando *and* Adam.

Oli. Is it even so? begin you to grow upon me? I will physic your rankness, and yet give no thousand crowns° neither. Holla, Dennis!

Enter Dennis

Den. Calls your worship?

Oli. Was not Charles, the Duke's wrestler, here to speak with me?

Den. So please you, he is here at the door and importunes access to you.

Oli. Call him in. [*Exit* Dennis.] 'Twill be° a good way; and to-morrow the wrestling is.

Enter Charles

Cha. Good morrow to your worship.

Oli. Good Monsieur Charles, what's the new news at the new court?°

Cha. There's no news at the court, sir, but the old news: that is, the old Duke is banished by his younger brother the new Duke; and three or four loving lords have put themselves into voluntary exile with him, whose lands and revenues enrich the new Duke; therefore he gives them good leave to wander.°

Oli. Can you tell if Rosalind,° the Duke's daughter, be banished with her father?

Cha. Oh, no; for the Duke's daughter, her cousin, so loves her, being ever from their cradles bred together, that she would have followed her exile, or

have died to stay° behind her. She is at the court, and no less beloved of her uncle than his own daughter; and never two ladies loved as they do.

Oli. Where will the old Duke live?

Cha. They say he is already in the forest of Arden,° and a many merry men° with him; and there they live like the old Robin Hood° of England: they say many young gentlemen flock to him every day, and fleet the time carelessly, as they did in the golden world.

Oli. What,° you wrestle to-morrow before the new Duke?

Cha. Marry, do I, sir; and I came to acquaint you with a matter. I am given, sir, secretly to understand that your younger brother, Orlando, hath a disposition to come in disguised against me to try a fall. To-morrow, sir, I wrestle for my credit; and he that escapes me without some broken limb shall acquit him well. Your brother is but young and tender; and for your love° I would be loath to foil him, as I must, for my own honor, if he come in: therefore, out of my love to you, I came hither to acquaint you withal; that either you might stay him from his intendment, or brook such disgrace well as he shall run into; in that it is a thing of his own search, and altogether against my will.

Oli. Charles, I thank thee for thy love to me, which thou shalt find I will most kindly requite. I had myself notice of my brother's purpose herein, and have by underhand means labored to dissuade him from it, but he is resolute. I'll tell thee, Charles:— it is the stubbornest young fellow of France; full of ambition, an envious emulator of every man's good parts, a secret and villanous contriver against me his natural brother: therefore use thy discretion; I had as lief thou didst break his neck as his finger. And thou wert best look to't; for if thou dost him any slight disgrace, or if he do not mightily grace himself on thee, he will practise against thee by poison, entrap thee by some treacherous device, and never leave thee till he hath ta'en thy life by some indirect means or other; for, I assure thee, and almost with tears I speak it, there is not one so young and so villanous this day living. I speak but brotherly of him; but should I anatomize him to thee as he is, I must blush and weep, and thou must look pale and wonder.

Cha. I am heartily glad I came hither to you. If he come to-morrow, I'll give him his payment: if ever he go alone° again, I'll never wrestle for prize more: and so, God keep your worship!

Oli. Farewell, good Charles. [*Exit* Charles.] Now will I stir this gamester: I hope I shall see an end of him; for my soul, yet I know not why, hates nothing more than he. Yet he's gentle; never schooled,° and yet learned; full of noble device; of all sorts enchantingly beloved; and indeed so much in the heart of the world, and especially of my own people, who best know him, that I am altogether misprised: but it shall not be so long; this wrestler shall clear all: nothing remains but that I kindle the boy thither; which now I'll go about. [*Exit.*

Scene II. *Lawn before the Duke's palace*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia

Cel. I pray thee, Rosalind, sweet my coz,° be merry.

Ros. Dear Celia, I show more mirth than I am mistress of; and would you yet I were merrier? Unless you could teach me to forget a banished father, you must not learn° me how to remember any extraordinary pleasure.

Cel. Herein I see thou lovest me not with the full weight that I love thee. If my uncle, thy banished father, had banished thy uncle, the Duke my

father, so thou hadst been still with me, I could have taught my love to take thy father for mine: so wouldst thou, if the truth of thy love to me were so righteously tempered as mine is to thee.

Ros. Well, I will forget the condition of my estate, to rejoice in yours.

Cel. You know my father hath no child but I,° nor none is like to have: and, truly, when he dies, thou shalt be his heir; for what he hath taken away from thy father perforce, I will render thee again in affection;° by mine honor, I will; and when I break that oath, let me turn monster: therefore, my sweet Rose, my dear Rose, be merry.

Ros. From henceforth I will, coz, and devise sports. Let me see; what think you of falling in love?°

Cel. Marry, I prithee, do, to make sport withal: but love no man in good earnest; nor no further in sport neither, than with safety of a pure blush thou mayst in honor come off again.

Ros. What shall be our sport, then?

Cel. Let us sit and mock the good housewife Fortune from her wheel, that her gifts may henceforth be bestowed equally.

Ros I would we could do so; for her benefits are

mightily misplaced; and the bountiful blind woman° doth most mistake in her gifts to women.

Cel. 'Tis true; for those that she makes fair she scarce makes honest; and those that she makes honest she makes very ill-favoredly.°

Ros. Nay, now thou goest from Fortune's office to Nature's: Fortune reigns in gifts of the world, not in the lineaments of Nature.

Enter Touchstone

Cel. No? when Nature hath made a fair creature, may she not by Fortune fall into the fire?° Though Nature hath given us wit to flout at Fortune, hath not Fortune sent in this fool to cut off the argument.

Ros. Indeed, there is Fortune too hard for Nature, when Fortune makes Nature's natural the cutter-off of Nature's wit.

Cel. Peradventure this is not Fortune's work neither, but Nature's; who perceiveth our natural wits too dull to reason of such goddesses,° and hath sent this natural for our whetstone; for always the dulness of the fool is the whetstone of the wits. How now, wit! whither wander you?

Touch. Mistress, you must come away° to your father.

Cel. Were you made the messenger?

Touch. No, by mine honor,° but I was bid to come for you.

Ros. Where learned you that oath, fool?

Touch. Of a certain knight that swore by his honor they were good pancakes, and swore by his honor the mustard was naught; now I'll stand to it, the pancakes were naught and the mustard was good, and yet was not the knight forsworn.

Cel. How prove you that, in the great heap of your knowledge?

Ros. Ay, marry, now unmuzzle your wisdom.

Touch. Stand you both forth now: stroke your chins, and swear by your beards that I am a knave.

Cel. By our beards, if we had them, thou art.

Touch. By my knavery, if I had it, then I were; but if you swear by that that is not, you are not forsworn: no more was this knight, swearing by his honor, for he never had any; or if he had, he had sworn it away before ever he saw those pancakes or that mustard.

Cel. Prithee, who is't that thou meanest?

Touch. One that old Frederick,° your father, loves.

Cel. My father's love is enough to honor him:

enough! speak no more of him; you'll be whipped for taxation one of these days.

Touch. The more pity, that fools may not speak wisely when wise men do foolishly.

Cel. By my troth, thou sayest true; for since the little wit that fools have was silenced, the little foolery that wise men have makes a great show. Here comes Monsieur Le Beau.

Ros. With his mouth full of news.

Cel. Which he will put on us, as pigeons feed their young.

Ros. Then shall we be news-crammed.

Cel. All the better; we shall be the more marketable.°

Enter Le Beau

Bon jour, Monsieur Le Beau; what's the news?

Le Beau. Fair princess, you have lost much good sport.

Cel. Sport! of what color?

Le Beau. What color, madam! how shall I answer you?

Ros. As wit and fortune will.

Touch. Or as the Destinies decrees.°

Cel. Well said:° that was laid on with a trowel.

Touch. Nay, if I keep not my rank, —°

Ros. Thou losest thy old smell.

Le Beau. You amaze me, ladies: I would have told you of good wrestling, which you have lost the sight of.

Ros. Yet tell us the manner of the wrestling.

Le Beau. I will tell you the beginning; and, if it please your ladyships, you may see the end; for the best is yet to do; and here, where you are, they are coming to perform it.

Cel. Well, the beginning, that is dead and buried.

Le Beau. There comes° an old man and his three sons, —

Cel. I could match this beginning with an old tale.

Le Beau. Three proper young men, of excellent growth and presence.

Ros. With bills on their necks,° "Be it known unto all men by these presents."

Le Beau. The eldest of the three wrestled with Charles, the Duke's wrestler; which Charles in a moment threw him, and broke three of his ribs, that there is little hope of life in him: so he served the second, and so the third. Yonder they lie; the poor old man, their father, making such pitiful dole over them that all the beholders take his part with weeping.

Ros. Alas!°

Touch. But what is the sport, monsieur, that the ladies have lost?

Le Beau. Why, this that I speak of.

Touch. Thus men may grow wiser every day: it is the first time that ever I heard breaking of ribs was sport for ladies.

Cel. Or I, I promise thee.

Ros. But is there any else° longs to see this broken music° in his sides? is there yet another dotes upon rib-breaking? Shall we see this wrestling, cousin?

Le Beau. You must, if you stay here; for here is the place appointed for the wrestling, and they are ready to perform it.

Cel. Yonder, sure, they are coming: let us now stay and see it.

Flourish. *Enter* Duke Frederick, *Lords*, Orlando, Charles, *and Attendants*

Duke F. Come on: since the youth will not be entreated, his own peril on his forwardness.

Ros. Is yonder the man?

Le Beau. Even he, madam.

Cel. Alas, he is too young! yet he looks successfully.°

Duke F. How now, daughter and cousin! are you crept hither to see the wrestling?

Ros. Ay, my liege, so please you give us leave.

Duke F. You will take little delight in it, I can tell you, there is such odds in the man.° In pity of the challenger's youth I would fain dissuade him, but he will not be entreated. Speak to him, ladies; see if you can move him.

Cel. Call him hither, good Monsieur Le Beau.

Duke F. Do so: I'll not be by.

Le Beau. Monsieur the challenger, the princess calls for you.

Orl. I attend them° with all respect and duty.

Ros. Young man, have you challenged Charles the wrestler?

Orl. No, fair princess; he is the general challenger:° I come but in, as others do, to try with him the strength of my youth.

Cel. Young gentleman, your spirits are too bold for your years. You have seen cruel proof of this man's strength: if you saw yourself with our eyes, or knew yourself with our judgment, the fear of your adventure would counsel you to a more equal enterprise. We pray you, for your own sake, to embrace your own safety, and give over this attempt.

Ros. Do, young sir; your reputation shall not therefore be misprised: we will make it our suit to the Duke that the wrestling might not go forward.

Orl. I beseech you, punish me not with your hard thoughts; wherein I confess me much guilty, to deny so fair and excellent° ladies anything. But let your fair eyes and gentle wishes go with me to my trial: wherein if I be foiled, there is but one shamed that was never gracious; if killed, but one dead that is willing to be so: I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament me; the world no injury, for in it I have nothing: only in the world I fill up a place, which may be better supplied when I have made it empty.

Ros. The little strength that I have, I would it were with you.

Cel. And mine, to eke out hers.

Ros. Fare you well: pray heaven I be deceived in you!

Cel. Your heart's desires be with you!

Cha. Come, where is this young gallant that is so desirous to lie with his mother earth?

Orl. Ready, sir; but his will hath in it a more modest working.

Duke F. You shall try but one fall.

Cha. No, I warrant your Grace, you shall not entreat him to a second, that have so mightily persuaded him from a first.

Orl. You mean to mock me after; you should not have mocked me before: but come your ways.

Ros. Now Hercules° be thy speed, young man!

Cel. I would I were invisible, to catch the strong fellow by the leg. [*They wrestle.*

Ros. O excellent young man!°

Cel. If I had a thunderbolt in mine eye, I can tell who should down. [*Shout.* Charles *is thrown.*

Duke F. No more, no more.

Orl. Yes, I beseech your Grace: I am not yet well breathed.

Duke F. How dost thou, Charles?

Le Beau. He cannot speak, my lord.

Duke F. Bear him away. What is thy name, young man?

Orl. Orlando, my liege; the youngest son of Sir Rowland de Boys.

Duke F. I would thou hadst been son to some man else:

The world esteemed thy father honorable,
But I did find him still mine enemy:
Thou shouldst have better pleased me with this deed,

Hadst thou descended from another house.
But fare thee well;° thou art a gallant youth:
I would thou hadst told me of another father.

[*Exeunt* Duke Fred., *train, and* Le Beau.

Cel. Were I my father, coz, would I do this?

Orl. I am more proud to be Sir Rowland's son,
His youngest son; and would not change that calling,
To be adopted heir to Frederick.

Ros. My father loved Sir Rowland as his soul,
And all the world was of my father's mind:
Had I before known° this young man his son,
I should have given him tears unto entreaties,
Ere he should thus have ventured.

Cel. Gentle cousin
Let us go thank him and encourage him:
My father's rough and envious disposition
Sticks me at heart. Sir, you have well deserved:
If you do keep your promises in love
But justly, as you have exceeded all promise,
Your mistress shall be happy.

Ros. Gentleman,

[*Giving him a chain from her neck.*

Wear this for me, one out of suits with fortune,
That could give more,° but that her hand lacks means
Shall we go, coz?

Cel. Ay. Fare you well, fair gentleman.

Orl. Can I not say, I thank you? My better parts
Are all thrown down, and that which here stands up
Is but a quintain, a mere lifeless block.

Ros. He calls us back: my pride fell with my fortunes;
I'll ask him what he would. Did you call, sir?
Sir, you have wrestled well and overthrown
More than your enemies.

Cel. Will you go, coz?

Ros. Have with you.° Fare you well.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Orl. What passion hangs these weights upon my tongue?
I cannot speak to her, yet she urged conference.
O poor Orlando, thou art overthrown!
Or Charles or something weaker masters thee

Re-enter Le Beau

Le Beau. Good sir, I do in friendship counsel you
To leave this place. Albeit you have deserved
High commendation, true applause, and love,
Yet such is now the Duke's condition,
That he misconstrues° all that you have done.
The Duke is humorous: what he is, indeed,

More suits you to conceive than I° to speak of.

Orl. I thank you, sir: and, pray you, tell me this;
Which of the two was daughter of the Duke,
That here was at the wrestling?

Le Beau. Neither his daughter, if we judge by manners;
But yet, indeed, the taller° is his daughter:
The other is daughter to the banished Duke,
And here detained by her usurping uncle,
To keep his daughter company: whose loves
Are dearer than the natural bond of sisters.
But I can tell you that of late this Duke
Hath ta'en displeasure 'gainst his gentle° niece,
Grounded upon no other argument
But that the people praise her for her virtues,
And pity her for her good father's sake;
And, on my life, his malice 'gainst the lady
Will suddenly break forth. Sir, fare you well:
Hereafter, in a better world° than this,
I shall desire more love and knowledge of you.

Orl. I rest much bounden to you: fare you well.

[*Exit* Le Beau.

Thus must I° from the smoke into the smother;
From tyrant Duke unto a tyrant brother:
But heavenly Rosalind!

[*Exit.*

Scene III. *A room in the palace*

Enter Celia *and* Rosalind

Cel. Why, cousin! why, Rosalind! Cupid have mercy! not a word?°

Ros. Not one to throw at a dog.

Cel. No, thy words are too precious to be cast away upon curs; throw some of them at me; come, lame me with reasons.

Ros. Then there were° two cousins laid up; when the one should be lamed with reasons and the other mad without any.

Cel. But is all this for your father? 10

Ros. No, some of it is for my father's child. O, how full of briers is this working-day world!

Cel. They are but burs, cousin, thrown upon thee in holiday foolery: if we walk not in the trodden paths, our very petticoats will catch them.

Ros. I could shake them off my coat: these burs are in my heart.

Cel. Hem them away.

Ros. I would try, if I could cry hem and have him.°

Cel. Come, come, wrestle with thy affections.

Ros. O, they take the part of a better wrestler than myself!

Cel. O, a good wish upon you! you will try in time, in despite of° a fall. But, turning these jests° out of service, let us talk in good earnest; is it possible, on such a sudden, you should fall into so strong a liking° with old Sir Rowland's youngest son?

Ros. The Duke my father loved his father dearly.

Cel. Doth it therefore ensue that you should love his son dearly? By this kind of chase, I should hate him, for my father hated his father dearly; yet I hate not Orlando.

Ros. No, faith, hate him not, for my sake.

Cel. Why should I not? doth he not deserve well?°

Ros. Let me love him for that, and do you love him because I do. Look, here comes the Duke.

Cel. With his eyes full of anger.

Enter Duke Frederick, *with Lords*

Duke F. Mistress, despatch you with your safest haste
And get you from our court.

Ros. Me, uncle?

Duke F. You, cousin:
Within these ten days if that thou be'st found
So near our public court as twenty miles,
Thou diest for it.

Ros. I do beseech your Grace,
Let me the knowledge of my fault bear with me:°
If with myself I hold intelligence,
Or have acquaintance with mine own desires;
If that I do not dream, or be not frantic,—°
As I do trust I am not,—then, dear uncle,
Never so much as in a thought unborn
Did I offend your Highness.

Duke F. Thus do all traitors:
If their purgation did consist in words,
They are as innocent as grace itself:
Let it suffice thee that I trust thee not.

Ros. Yet your mistrust cannot make me a traitor:
Tell me whereon the likelihood depends.

Duke F. Thou art thy father's daughter; there's enough.

Ros. So was I when your Highness took his dukedom;
So was I when your Highness banished him:
Treason is not inherited, my lord;
Or, if we did derive it from our friends,
What's that to me? my father was no traitor:
Then, good my liege, mistake me not so much
To think my poverty is treacherous.

Cel. Dear sovereign, hear me speak.

Duke F. Ay, Celia; we stayed her for your sake,
Else had she with her father ranged along.
Cel. I did not then entreat to have her stay;
It was your pleasure and your own remorse:
I was too young° that time to value her.
But now I know her: if she be a traitor,
Why so am I; we still have slept together,
Rose at an instant, learned, played, eat together,
And wheresoe'er we went, like Juno's swans,°
Still we went coupled and inseparable.
Duke F. She is too subtle for thee; and her smoothness,
Her very silence and her patience,
Speak to the people, and they pity her.
Thou art a fool: she robs thee of thy name;
And thou wilt show more bright and seem more virtuous
When she is gone. Then open not thy lips:
Firm and irrevocable is my doom
Which I have passed upon her; she is banished.
Cel. Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege:
I cannot live out of her company.
Duke F. You are a fool.° You, niece, provide yourself:
If you outstay the time, upon mine honor,

And in the greatness of my word,° you die.

[*Exeunt* Duke Frederick *and Lords.*

Cel. O my poor Rosalind, whither wilt thou go?
Wilt thou change fathers? I will give thee mine.
I charge thee, be not thou more grieved than I am.

Ros. I have more cause.

Cel. Thou hast not, cousin;
Prithee, be cheerful: know'st thou not, the Duke
Hath banished me, his daughter?

Ros. That he hath not.

Cel. No, hath not? Rosalind lacks then the love
Which teacheth thee that thou and I am° one:
Shall we be sundered? shall we part, sweet girl? 100
No: let my father seek another heir.
Therefore devise with me how we may fly,
Whither to go and what to bear with us;
And do not seek to take your change upon you,
To bear your griefs yourself and leave me out;
For, by this heaven, now at our sorrows pale,°
Say what thou canst, I'll go along with thee.

Ros. Why whither shall we go?

Cel. To seek my uncle in the forest of Arden.°

Ros. Alas, what danger will it be to us, 110
Maids as we are, to travel forth so far!
Beauty provoketh thieves sooner than gold.

Cel. I'll put myself in poor and mean attire
And with a kind of umber smirch my face;
The like do you: so shall we pass along
And never stir assailants.

Ros. Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?
A gallant curtle-axe upon my thigh,
A boar-spear in my hand; and — in my heart
Lie there what hidden woman's fear there will —
We'll have a swashing and a martial outside,
As many other mannish cowards have
That do outface it with their semblances.

Cel. What shall I call thee when thou art a man?

Ros. I'll have no worse a name than Jove's own page;
And therefore look you call me Ganymede.
But what will you be called?

Cel. Something that hath a reference to my state:
No longer Celia, but Aliena.°

Ros. But, cousin, what if we assayed to steal
The clownish fool out of your father's court?
Would he not be a comfort to our travel?

Cel. He'll go along o'er the wide world with me;
Leave me alone to woo him. Let's away,
And get our jewels and our wealth together;

Devise the fittest time and safest way
To hide us from pursuit that will be made
After my flight. Now go we in content
To liberty° and not to banishment. [*Exeunt.* 140

ACT II

Scene I. *The Forest of Arden*

Enter Duke *senior*, Amiens, *and two or three Lords, like foresters*

Duke S. Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,°
The seasons' difference; as the icy fang°
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
'This is no flattery: these are counsellors° 10
That feelingly persuade me what I am.'
Sweet are the uses of adversity;
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,

Wears yet a precious jewel° in his head:
And this our life exempt from public haunt
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones and good in everything.
I would not change it.

Ami. Happy is your Grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style.

Duke S. Come, shall we go and kill us venison?
And yet it irks me° the poor dappled fools,
Being native burghers of this desert city,
Should in their own confines with forked heads
Have their round haunches gored.

First Lord. Indeed, my lord,
The melancholy Jaques grieves at that,
And, in that kind, swears you do more usurp
Than doth your brother that hath banished yc
To-day my Lord of Amiens and myself
Did steal behind him as he lay along
Under an oak whose antique root peeps out
Upon the brook that brawls° along this wood:
To the which place a poor sequestered stag,
That from the hunter's aim had ta'en a hurt,
Did come to languish, and indeed, my lord,
The wretched animal heaved forth such groans,

That their discharge did stretch his leathern coat
Almost to bursting, and the big round tears°
Coursed one another down his innocent nose
In piteous chase; and thus the hairy fool,
Much marked of the melancholy Jaques,°
Stood on the extremest verge of the swift brook,
Augmenting it with tears.

Duke S. But what said Jaques?
Did he not moralize this spectacle?

First Lord. O, yes, into a thousand similes.°
First, for his weeping into the needless stream;
'Poor deer,' quoth he, 'thou makest a testament
As worldings do, giving thy sum of more
To that which had too much:' then, being there alone,
Left and abandoned of his velvet friends;
'Tis right,' quoth he; 'thus misery doth part
The flux of company:' anon a careless herd,
Full of the pasture,° jumps along by him
And never stays to greet him; 'Ay,' quoth Jaques,
'Sweep on, you fat and greasy citizens;
'Tis just the fashion: wherefore do you look
Upon that poor and broken bankrupt there?'
Thus most invectively he pierceth through
The body of the country, city, court,

Yea, and of this our life: swearing that we 60
Are mere usurpers, tyrants and what's worse,
To fright the animals and to kill them up°
In their assigned and native dwelling-place.°

Duke S. And did you leave him in this contemplation?

Sec. Lord. We did, my lord, weeping and commenting
Upon the sobbing deer.

Duke S. Show me the place:
I love to cope him in these sullen fits,
For then he's full of matter.

First Lord. I'll bring you to him straight. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *A room in the palace*

Enter Duke Frederick, *with Lords*

Duke F. Can it be possible that no man saw them ?[c]
It cannot be: some villains of my court
Are of consent and sufferance in this.

First Lord. I cannot hear of any that did see her.
The ladies, her attendants of her chamber,
Saw her a-bed, and in the morning° early
They found the bed untreasured of their mistress.

Sec. Lord. My lord, the roynish clown,° at whom so oft
Your Grace was wont to laugh, is also missing.
Hesperia, the princess'° gentlewoman,
Confesses that she secretly o'erheard
Your daughter and her cousin much commend
The parts and graces of the wrestler
That did but lately foil the sinewy Charles;
And she believes, wherever they are gone,
That youth is surely in their company.

Duke F. Send to his brother; fetch that gallant° hither;
If he be absent, bring his brother to me;
I'll make him find him: do this suddenly,°
And let not search and inquisition quail
To bring again these foolish runaways.° [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *Before* Oliver's *house*

Enter Orlando *and* Adam, *meeting*

Orl. Who's there?

Adam. What, my young master? O my gentle master!
O my sweet master! O you memory
Of old Sir Rowland! why, what make you° here?

Why are you virtuous? why do people love you?°
And wherefore are you gentle, strong and valiant?
Why would you be so fond° to overcome
The bonny priser of the humorous Duke?
Your° praise is come too swiftly home before you.
Know you not, master, to some kind of men
Their graces serve them but as enemies?
No more do yours:° your virtues, gentle master,
Are sanctified and holy traitors to you.
O, what a world is this, when what is comely
Envenoms him that bears it!

Orl. Why, what's the matter?

Adam. O unhappy youth!
Come not within these doors; within this roof
The enemy of all your graces lives:
Your brother — no, no brother; yet the son —
Yet not the son, I will not call him son,
Of him I was about to call his father, —
Hath heard your praises, and this night he means
To burn the lodging° where you use to lie
And you within it: if he fail of that,
He will have other means to cut you off.
I overheard him and his practices.
This is no place; this house is but a butchery:
Abhor it, fear it, do not enter it.

Orl. Why, whither, Adam, wouldst thou have me go?

Adam. No matter whither, so you come not here.

Orl. What, wouldst you have me go and beg my food?

Or with a base and boisterous sword enforce
A thievish living on the common road?
This I must do, or know not what to do:
Yet this I will not do, do how I can;
I rather will subject me to the malice
Of a diverted blood and bloody brother.

Adam. But do not so. I have five hundred crowns,
The thrifty hire I saved under your father,
Which I did store to be my foster nurse
When service should in my old limbs lie lame,
And unregarded age in corners thrown:
Take that, and He that doth the ravens feed,
Yea, providently caters for the sparrow,
Be comfort to my age! Here is the gold;
All this I give you. Let me be your servant:
Though I look old, yet I am strong and lusty;
For in my youth I never did apply
Hot and rebellious liquors in my blood,
Nor did not with unbashful forehead woo
The means of weakness and debility;

Therefore my age is as a lusty winter,
Frosty, but kindly: let me go with you:
I'll do the service of a younger man
In all your business and necessities.

Orl. O good old man, how well in thee appears
The constant service of the antique° world,
When service sweat for duty, not for meed!
Thou art not for the fashion of these times,
Where none will sweat but for promotion,
And having that do choke their service up
Even with the having: it is not so with thee.
But, poor old man, thou prunest a rotten tree,
That cannot so much as a blossom yield
In lieu of° all thy pains and husbandry.
But come thy ways; we'll go along together,
And ere we have thy youthful wages° spent,
We'll light upon some settled low content.

Adam. Master, go on, and I will follow thee,
To the last gasp, with truth and loyalty.
From seventeen years till now almost fourscore
Here lived I, but now live here no more.
At seventeen years many their fortunes seek;
But at fourscore it is too late a week:°
Yet fortune cannot recompense me better
Than to die well and not my master's debtor. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The Forest of Arden*

Enter Rosalind *for* Ganymede, Celia *for* Aliena, *and* Touchstone

Ros. O Jupiter, how weary are my spirits!

Touch. I care not for my spirits, if my legs were not weary.°

Ros. I could find in my heart to disgrace my man's apparel and to cry like a woman; but I must comfort the weaker vessel, as doublet and hose ought to show itself courageous to petticoat: therefore, courage, good Aliena.

Cel. I pray you, bear with me; I cannot go no further.

Touch. For my part, I had rather bear with you than bear you; yet I should bear no cross,° if I did bear you; for I think you have no money in your purse.

Ros. Well, this is the forest of Arden.

Touch. Ay, now am I in Arden;° the more fool I; when I was at home, I was in a better place: but travellers must be content.

Ros. Ay, be so,° good Touchstone.

Enter Corin *and* Silvius

Look you, who comes here;° a young man and an old in solemn talk.

Cor. That is the way to make her scorn you still.

Sil. O Corin, that thou knew'st how I do love her!

Cor. I partly guess; for I have loved ere now.

Sil. No, Corin, being old, thou canst not guess,
Though in thy youth thou wast as true a lover
As ever sighed upon a midnight pillow:
But if thy love were ever like to mine, —
As sure° I think did never man love so, —
How many actions most ridiculous
Hast thou been drawn to by thy fantasy?

Cor. Into a thousand that I have forgotten.

Sil. O, thou didst then ne'er love so heartily!
If thou remember'st not the slightest folly
That ever love did make thee run into,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not sat as I do now,
Wearying thy hearer° in thy mistress' praise,
Thou hast not loved:
Or if thou hast not broke from company
Abruptly, as my passion now makes me,

Thou hast not loved.
O Phebe, Phebe, Phebe! [*Exit.*

Ros. Alas, poor shepherd! searching of thy wound, I have by hard adventure found mine own.

Touch. And I mine. I remember, when I was in love I broke my sword upon a stone and bid him° take that for coming a-night to Jane Smile: and I remember the kissing of her batlet and the cow's dugs that her pretty chopt hands had milked: and I remember the wooing of a peascod instead of her; from whom I took two cods and, giving her them again, said with weeping tears 'Wear these for my sake.' We that are true lovers run into strange capers; but as all is mortal in nature, so is all nature in love mortal in folly.

Ros. Thou speakest wiser than thou art ware of.

Touch. Nay, I shall ne'er be ware of mine own wit till I break my shins against it.

Ros. Jove, Jove! this shepherd's passion
Is much upon my fashion.

Touch. And mine; but it grows something stale with me.

Cel. I pray you, one of you question yond man
If he for gold will give us any food:
I faint almost to death.

Touch. Holla, you clown!
Ros. Peace, fool; he's not thy kinsman.
Cor. Who calls?
Touch. Your betters, sir.
Cor. Else are they very wretched.
Ros. Peace,° I say. Good even to you, friend.
Cor. And to you, gentle° sir, and to you all.
Ros. I prithee, shepherd, if that love or gold
Can in this desert place buy entertainment,
Bring us where we may rest ourselves and feed:
Here's a young maid with travel much oppressed
And faints for succor.
Cor. Fair sir, I pity her
And wish, for her sake more than for mine own,
My fortunes were more able to relieve her;
But I am shepherd to another man
And do not shear the fleeces that I graze:°
My master is of churlish disposition
And little recks to find the way to heaven°
By doing deeds of hospitality:
Besides, his cote, his flocks, and bounds of feed
Are now on sale, and at our sheepcote now,
By reason of his absence, there is nothing
That you will feed on; but what is, come see,
And in my voice most welcome shall you be.

Ros. What° is he that shall buy his flock and pasture?

Cor. That young swain that you saw here but erewhile,
That little cares for buying anything.

Ros. I pray thee, if it stand with honesty,°
Buy thou the cottage, pasture, and the flock,
And thou shalt have to pay for it of us.

Cel. And we will mend thy wages. I like this place,
And willingly could waste my time in it.

Cor. Assuredly the thing is to be sold:
Go with me: if you like upon report
The soil, the profit, and this kind of life,
I will your very faithful feeder be
And buy it with your gold right suddenly. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *The forest*

Enter Amiens, Jaques, *and others*

Song

Ami. Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:

Here shall we see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. More, more, I prithee, more.

Ami. It will make you melancholy,° Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. I thank it. More, I prithee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I prithee, more.

Ami. My voice is ragged: I know I cannot please you.

Jaq. I do not desire you to please me; I do desire you to sing. Come, more; another stanzo: call you 'em stanzos?°

Ami. What you will, Monsieur Jaques.

Jaq. Nay, I care not for their names; they owe° me nothing. Will you sing?

Ami. More at your request than to please myself.

Jaq. Well then, if ever I thank any man, I'll thank you; but that they call° compliment is like the encounter of two dog-apes, and when a man thanks me heartily, methinks I have given him a penny and he renders me the beggarly thanks. Come, sing; and you that will not, hold your tongues.

Ami. Well, I'll end the song. Sirs,° cover the

while; the Duke will drink under this tree. He hath been all this day to look you.°

Jaq. And I have been all this day to avoid him. He is too disputable for my company: I think of as many matters as he; but I give heaven thanks, and make no boast of them. Come, warble, come.

SONG

Who doth ambition shun, [*All together here.*
And loves to live i' the sun,
Seeking the food he eats,°
And pleased with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither:
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Jaq. I'll give you a verse to this note,° that I made yesterday in despite of° my invention.

Ami. And I'll sing it.

Jaq. Thus it goes: —

If it do come to pass
That any man turn ass,
Leaving his wealth and ease
A stubborn will to please,

Ducdame, ducdame, ducdame:
Here shall he see
Gross fools as he,
An if he will come to me.

Ami. What's that "ducdame"?°

Jaq. 'Tis a Greek invocation, to call fools into a circle. I'll go sleep, if I can: if I cannot, I'll rail against all the first-born of Egypt.°

Ami. And I'll go seek the Duke: his banquet° is prepared. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE VI. *The forest*

Enter ORLANDO *and* ADAM

Adam. Dear master, I can go no further; O, I die for food! Here lie I down, and measure out my grave. Farewell, kind master.

Orl. Why, how now, Adam! no greater heart in thee? Live a little; comfort a little; cheer thyself a little. If this uncouth° forest yield anything savage, I will either be food for it or bring it for food to thee. Thy conceit is nearer death than thy powers. For my sake be comfortable; hold death awhile at the arm's end: I will here be with thee presently; and if I bring thee not something to eat, I will give

thee leave to die: but if thou diest before I come, thou art a mocker of my labor. Well said! thou lookest cheerly, and I'll be with thee quickly. Yet thou liest in the bleak air: come, I will bear thee to some shelter; and thou shalt not die for lack of a dinner, if there live anything in this desert. Cheerly,° good Adam!

[*Exeunt.*

Scene VII. *The forest*

A table set out. *Enter* Duke *senior*, Amiens *and Lords like outlaws*

Duke S. I think he° be° transformed into a beast;
For I can no where° find him like a man.

First Lord. My lord, he is but even now gone hence:
Here was he merry,° hearing of a song.

Duke S. If he, compact of jars,° grow musical,
We shall have shortly discord in the spheres.
Go, seek him: tell him I would speak with him.

Enter Jaques

First Lord. He saves my labor by his own approach.

Duke S. Why, how now, monsieur! what a life is this,
That your poor friends must woo your company? 10
What, you look merrily!

Jaq. A fool, a fool! I met a fool i' the forest,

A motley fool; a miserable world!
As I do live by food, I met a fool;
Who laid him down and basked him in the sun,
And railed on Lady Fortune° in good terms,
In good set terms, and yet a motley fool.
'Good morrow, fool,' quoth I. 'No, sir,' quoth he,
'Call me not fool till heaven hath sent me fortune:'°
And then he drew a dial° from his poke,
And, looking on it with lack-lustre eye,
Says very wisely, 'It is ten o'clock:
Thus we may see,' quoth he, 'how the world wags·
'Tis but an hour ago since it was nine;
And after one hour more 'twill be eleven;
And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot;
And thereby hangs a tale.' When I did hear
The motley fool thus moral on the time,
My lungs began to crow like chanticleer,
That fools should be so deep-contemplative;
And I did laugh sans intermission
An hour by his dial. O noble fool!
A worthy fool!° Motley's the only wear.°

Duke S. What fool is this?

Jaq. O worthy fool! One that hath been a courtier,
And says, if ladies be but young and fair,

They have the gift to know it: and in his brain,
Which is as dry as the remainder° biscuit
After a voyage, he hath strange places crammed
With observation, the which he vents
In mangled forms. O that I were a fool!
I am ambitious for a motley° coat.
Duke S. Thou shalt have one.
Jaq. It is my only suit;°
Provided that you weed your better judgments
Of all opinion that grows rank in them
That I am wise. I must have liberty
Withal, as large a charter as the wind,
To blow on whom I please; for so fools have;
And they that are most galled with my folly,
They most must laugh. And why, sir, must they so?
The 'why' is plain as way to parish church:
He that a fool doth very wisely hit
Doth very foolishly, although he smart,
Not to seem senseless of the bob: if not,
The wise man's folly is anatomized°
Even by the squandering glances of the fool.
Invest me in my motley; give me leave
To speak my mind, and I will through and through
Cleanse the foul body of the infected world,
If they will patiently receive my medicine.

Duke S. Fie on thee! I can tell what thou wouldst do.

Jaq. What, for a counter,° would I do but good?

Duke S. Most mischievous foul sin, in chiding sin:
For thou thyself hast been a libertine,
As sensual as the brutish sting itself;
And all the embossed sores and headed evils,
That thou with license of free foot hast° caught,
Wouldst thou disgorge into the general world.

Jaq. Why, who cries out on pride,
That can therein tax° any private party?
Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,
Till that the weary very° means do ebb?
What woman in the city do I name,
When that I say the city-woman bears
The cost of princes on unworthy shoulders?
Who can come in and say that I mean her,
When such a one as she such is her neighbor?
Or what is he of basest function,
That says his bravery is not on my cost,
Thinking that I mean him, but therein suits
His folly to the mettle of my speech?
There then; how then? what then? Let me see wherein
My tongue hath wronged him: if it do him right,

Then he hath wronged himself: if he be free,
Why then my taxing like a wild-goose flies,
Unclaimed of any man. But who comes here?

Enter Orlando, *with his sword drawn*

Orl. Forbear, and eat no more.
Jaq. Why, I have eat none yet.
Orl. Nor shalt not, till necessity be served.
Jaq. Of what kind should this cock come of? 90
Duke S. Art thou thus boldened, man, by thy distress?
Or else a rude despiser of good manners,
That in civility thou seem'st so empty?
Orl. You touched my vein at first: the thorny point
Of bare distress hath ta'en from me the show
Of smooth civility: yet am I inland bred°
And know some nurture. But forbear, I say:
He dies that touches any of this fruit° 95
Till I and my affairs are answered.
Jaq. An you will not be answered with reason, I must die. 100
Duke S. What would you have? Your gentleness° shall force,
More than your force move us to gentleness.
Orl. I almost die for food; and let me have it.

Duke S. Sit down and feed, and welcome to our table.

Orl. Speak you so gently? Pardon me, I pray you:
I thought that all things had been savage° here;
And therefore put I on the countenance
Of stern commandment. But whate'er you are
That in this desert inaccessible,
Under the shade of melancholy boughs,
Lose and neglect the creeping hours of time;
If ever you have looked on better days,
If ever been where bells have knolled to church,
If ever sat at any good man's feast,
If ever from your eyelids wiped a tear
And know what 'tis to pity and be pitied,
Let gentleness my strong enforcement be:
In the which hope I blush, and hide my sword.

Duke S. True is it that we have seen better days,
And have with holy bell been knolled to church,
And sat at good men's feasts, and wiped our eyes
Of drops that sacred pity hath engendered:
And therefore sit you down in gentleness
And take upon command what help we have
That to your wanting may be ministered.

Orl. Then but forbear your food a little while,
Whiles, like a doe, I go to find my fawn

And give it food. There is an old poor man,°
Who after me hath many a weary step
Limped in pure love: till he be first sufficed,
Oppressed with two weak evils,° age and hunger,
I will not touch a bit.

Duke S. Go find him out,°
And we will nothing waste till you return.

Orl. I thank ye; and be blest for your good comfort! [*Exit.*

Duke S. Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy:
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play in.

Jaq. All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
Then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face,° creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,

Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice,
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut
Full of wise saws and modern instances;°
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank;° and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

Re-enter Orlando, *with* Adam

Duke S. Welcome. Set down your venerable burthen,
And let him feed.

Orl. I thank you most for him.

Adam. So had you need:
I scarce can speak to thank you for myself.

Duke S. Welcome; fall to: I will not trouble you

As yet, to question you about your fortunes.
Give us some music; and, good cousin, sing.

Song

Ami. Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly: 180
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then, heigh-ho the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, &c. 190

Duke S. If that you were the good Sir Rowland's son,
As you have whispered faithfully you were,

And as mine eye doth his effigies witness
Most truly limned and living in your face,
Be truly welcome hither: I am the Duke
That loved your father: the residue of your fortune,
Go to my cave and tell me. Good old man,
Thou art right welcome as thy master is.
Support him by the arm. Give me your hand,
And let me all your fortunes understand. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III

Scene I. *A room in the palace*

Enter Duke Frederick, *Lords, and* Oliver

Duke F. Not see him since?° Sir, sir, that cannot be:
But were I not the better part made mercy,
I should not seek an absent argument°
Of my revenge, thou present. But look to it:
Find out thy brother, wheresoe'er he is;
Seek him with candle; bring him dead or living
Within this twelvemonth, or turn thou no more
To seek a living in our territory.
Thy lands and all things that thou dost call thine

Worth seizure do we seize into our hands,
Till thou canst quit thee by thy brother's mouth
Of what we think against thee.°
Oli. O that your Highness knew my heart in this!
I never loved my brother in my life.
Duke F. More villain thou. Well, push him out of doors;°
And let my officers of such a nature
Make an extent°upon his house and lands:
Do this expediently and turn him going. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The forest*

Enter Orlando, *with a paper*

Orl. Hang there, my verse,° in witness of my love:
And thou, thrice-crowned° queen of night, survey
With thy chaste eye, from thy pale sphere above,
Thy huntress' name that my full life doth sway.
O Rosalind! these trees shall be my books
And in their barks my thoughts I'll character;
That every eye which in this forest looks
Shall see thy virtue witnessed everywhere.
Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree
The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she.° [*Exit.*

Enter Corin *and* Touchstone

Cor. And how like you this shepherd's life, Master Touchstone?

Touch. Truly, shepherd, in respect of itself, it is a good life; but in respect that it is a shepherd's life, it is naught.° In respect that it is solitary, I like it very well; but in respect that it is private, it is a very vile life. Now, in respect it is in the fields, it pleaseth me well; but in respect it is not in the court, it is tedious. As it is a spare life, look you, it fits my humor° well; but as there is no more plenty in it, it goes much against my stomach. Hast any philosophy in thee, shepherd?

Cor. No more but that I know the more one sickens the worse at ease he is; and that he that wants money, means, and content is without three good friends; that the property of rain is to wet and fire to burn; that good pasture makes fat sheep, and that a great cause of the night is lack of the sun; that he that hath learned no wit by nature nor art may complain of good breeding or comes of a very dull kindred.

Touch. Such a one is a natural philosopher. Wast ever in court, shepherd?

Cor. No, truly.

Touch. Then thou art damned.

Cor. Nay, I hope.

Touch. Truly, thou art damned, like an ill-roasted egg° all on one side.

Cor. For not being at court? Your reason.

Touch. Why, if thou never wast at court, thou never sawest good manners; if thou never sawest good manners, then thy manners must be wicked; and wickedness is sin, and sin is damnation. Thou art in a parlous state,° shepherd.

Cor. Not a whit, Touchstone: those that are good manners at the court are as ridiculous in the country as the behavior of the country is most mockable at the court. You told me you salute not at the court, but you kiss your hands: that courtesy would be uncleanly, if courtiers were shepherds.

Touch. Instance, briefly; come, instance.

Cor. Why, we are still handling our ewes, and their fells, you know, are greasy.

Touch. Why, do not your courtier's hands sweat? and is not the grease of a mutton as wholesome as the sweat of a man? Shallow, shallow. A better instance, I say; come.

Cor. Besides, our hands are hard.

Touch. Your lips will feel them the sooner. Shallow again. A more sounder° instance, come.

Cor. And they are often tarred over with the surgery of our sheep; and would you have us kiss tar? The courtier's hands are perfumed with civet.

Touch. Most shallow man! thou worms-meat, in respect of a good piece of flesh indeed! Learn of the wise, and perpend: civet is of a baser birth than tar, the very uncleanly flux of a cat. Mend the instance, shepherd.

Cor. You have too courtly a wit for me: I'll rest.

Touch. Wilt thou rest damned?° God help thee, shallow man! God make incision in thee! thou art raw.

Cor. Sir, I am a true laborer: I earn that I eat, get that I wear, owe no man hate, envy no man's happiness, glad of other men's good, content with my harm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and my lambs suck.

Touch. That is another simple sin in you. If thou beest not damned for this, the devil himself will have no shepherds; I cannot see else how thou shouldst 'scape.

Cor. Here comes° young Master Ganymede, my new mistress's brother.°

Enter Rosalind, *with a paper, reading*

Ros. From the east to western Ind,
No jewel° is like Rosalind.
Her worth, being mounted on the wind,
Through all the world bears Rosalind.
All the pictures fairest lined
Are but black to Rosalind.
Let no face be kept in mind
But the fair of Rosalind.

Touch. I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners and suppers and sleeping-hours excepted: it is the right butter-women's rank° to market.

Ros. Out, fool!

Touch. For a taste:

If a hart do lack a hind,
Let him seek out Rosalind.
If the cat will after kind,
So be sure will Rosalind.
Winter garments must be lined,
So must slender Rosalind.
They that reap must sheaf and bind;
Then to cart with Rosalind.
Sweetest nut hath sourest rind,

Such a nut is Rosalind.
He that sweetest rose will find,
Must find love's prick and Rosalind.

This is the very false gallop of verses: why do you infect yourself with them?

Ros. Peace, you dull fool! I found them on a tree.

Touch. Truly, the tree yields bad fruit.

Ros. I'll graff it with you, and then I shall graff it with a medlar:° then it will be the earliest fruit i' the country; for you'll be rotten ere you be half ripe, and that's the right virtue of the medlar.

Touch. You have said; but whether wisely or no, let the forest judge.

Enter Celia, *with a writing*

Ros. Peace!
Here comes my sister, reading: stand aside.

Cel. [*reads*] Why should this a desert be?
For it is unpeopled? No;
Tongues I'll hang on every tree,
That shall civil-sayings show:
Some, how brief the life of man
Runs his erring pilgrimage,
That the stretching of a span

Buckles in his sum of age;
Some, of violated vows
'Twixt the souls of friend and friend:
But upon the fairest boughs,
Or at every sentence end,
Will I Rosalinda write,
Teaching all that read to know
The quintessence of every sprite
Heaven would in little show.
Therefore Heaven Nature charged
That one body should be filled
With all graces wide-enlarged:
Nature presently distilled
Helen's cheek,° but not her heart,
Cleopatra's majesty,
Atalanta's better part,°
Sad Lucretia's modesty.°
Thus Rosalind of many parts
By heavenly synod was devised;
Of many faces, eyes, and hearts,
To have the touches dearest prized.
Heaven would that she these gifts should have,
And I to live and die her slave.

Ros. O most gentle pulpiter!° what tedious hom-

ily of love have you wearied your parishioners withal, and never cried 'Have patience, good people'!

Cel. How now! back, friends! Shepherd, go off a little. Go with him, sirrah.

Touch. Come, shepherd, let us make an honorable retreat; though not with bag and baggage, yet with scrip and scrippage.°

[*Exeunt* Corin *and* Touchstone.

Cel. Didst thou hear these verses?

Ros. O, yes, I heard them all, and more too; for some of them had in them more feet than the verses would bear.

Cel. That's no matter: the feet might bear the verses.

Ros. Ay, but the feet were lame° and could not bear themselves without the verse and therefore stood lamely in the verse.

Cel. But didst thou hear without wondering how thy name should be hanged and carved upon these trees?

Ros. I was seven of the nine days° out of the wonder before you came; for look here what I found on a palm tree.° I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat,° which I can hardly remember

Cel. Trow you who hath done this?

Ros. Is it a man?

Cel. And a chain, that you once wore, about his neck. Change you color?

Ros. I prithee, who?°

Cel. O Lord, Lord! it is a hard matter for friends to meet;° but mountains may be removed with earthquakes and so encounter.

Ros. Nay, but who is it?

Cel. Is it possible?

Ros. Nay, I prithee now with most petitionary vehemence, tell me who it is.

Cel. O wonderful, wonderful, and most wonderful wonderful! and yet again wonderful, and after that, out of all whooping!°

Ros. Good my complexion!° dost thou think, though I am caparisoned like a man, I have a doublet and hose in my disposition? One inch of delay more is a South-sea of discovery; I prithee, tell me who is it quickly, and speak apace. I would thou couldst stammer, that thou mightst pour this concealed man out of thy mouth, as wine comes out of a narrow-mouthed bottle, either too much at once, or none at all. I prithee, take the cork out of thy mouth that I may drink thy tid-

ings. Is he of God's making? What manner of man? Is his head worth a hat? Or his chin worth a beard?

Cel. Nay, he hath but a little beard.

Ros. Why, God will send more, if the man will be thankful: let me stay the growth of his beard, if thou delay me not the knowledge of his chin.

Cel. It is young Orlando, that tripped up the wrestler's heels and your heart both in an instant

Ros. Nay, but the devil take mocking: speak sad brow° and true maid.

Cel. I' faith, coz, 'tis he.

Ros. Orlando?

Cel. Orlando.

Ros. Alas the day! what shall I do with my doublet and hose? What did he when thou sawest him? What said he? How looked he? Wherein went he? What makes he here? Did he ask for me? Where remains he? How parted he with thee? and when shalt thou see him again? Answer me in one word.

Cel. You must borrow me Gargantua's mouth° first: 'tis a word too great for any mouth of this age's size. To say ay and no to these particulars is more than to answer in a catechism.

Ros. But doth he know that I am in this forest

and in man's apparel? Looks he as freshly as he did the day he wrestled?

Cel. It is as easy to count atomies as to resolve the propositions of a lover; but take a taste of my finding him, and relish it with good observance. I found him under a tree, like a dropped acorn.

Ros. It may well be called Jove's tree,° when it drops forth such fruit. 250

Cel. Give me audience, good madam.

Ros. Proceed.

Cel. There lay he, stretched along, like a wounded knight.

Ros. Though it be pity to see such a sight, it well becomes the ground.

Cel. Cry 'holla' to thy tongue, I prithee; it curvets unseasonably. He was furnished like a hunter.

Ros. O, ominous! he comes to kill my heart.° 260

Cel. I would sing my song without a burden:° thou bringest me out of tune.

Ros. Do you not know I am a woman? when I think, I must speak.° Sweet, say on.

Cel. You bring me out. Soft! comes he not here?

Enter Orlando *and* Jaques

Ros. 'Tis he: slink° by, and note him.

Jaq. I thank you for your company; but, good faith, I had as lief have been myself alone.

Orl. And so had I; but yet, for fashion sake, I thank you too for your society.

Jaq. God buy you: let's meet as little as we can.

Orl. I do desire we may be better strangers.

Jaq. I pray you, mar no more trees with writing love-songs in their barks.

Orl. I pray you, mar no more of my verses with reading them ill-favoredly.

Jaq. Rosalind is your love's name?

Orl. Yes, just.

Jaq. I do not like her name.

Orl. There was no thought of pleasing you when she was christened.

Jaq. What stature is she of?

Orl. Just as high as my heart.°

Jaq. You are full of pretty answers. Have you not been acquainted with goldsmiths' wives, and conned them out of rings?°

Orl. Not so; but I answer you right painted cloth,° from whence you have studied your questions.

Jaq. You have a nimble wit: I think 'twas made of Atalanta's heels.° Will you sit down with me?

and we two will rail against our mistress the world, and all our misery.

Orl. I will chide no breather in the world but myself, against whom I know most faults.

Jaq. The worst fault you have is to be in love.

Orl. 'Tis a fault I will not change for your best virtue. I am weary of you.

Jaq. By my troth, I was seeking for a fool when I found you.

Orl. He is drowned in the brook: look but in,° and you shall° see him.

Jaq. There I shall see mine own figure.

Orl. Which I take to be either a fool or a cipher.

Jaq. I'll tarry no longer with you: farewell, good Signior Love.

Orl. I am glad of your departure: adieu, good Monsieur Melancholy.° [*Exit* Jaques.

Ros. [*Aside to* Celia] I will speak to him like a saucy lackey, and under that habit play the knave with him. Do you hear, forester?

Orl. Very well: what would you?

Ros. I pray you, what is't o'clock?

Orl. You should ask me what time o' day: there's no clock in the forest.

Ros. Then there is no true lover in the forest;

else sighing every minute and groaning every hour would detect the lazy foot of Time as well as a clock.

Orl. And why not the swift foot of Time? had not that been as proper?

Ros. By no means, sir:° Time travels in divers paces with divers persons. I'll tell you who Time ambles withal, who Time trots withal, who Time gallops withal, and who he stands still withal.

Orl. I prithee, who° doth he trot withal? 330

Ros. Marry, he trots hard with a young maid between the contract of her marriage and the day it is solemnized: if the interim be but a se'nnight, Time's pace is so hard that it seems the length of seven year.

Orl. Who ambles Time withal?

Ros. With a priest that lacks Latin, and a rich man that hath not the gout; for the one sleeps easily because he cannot study, and the other lives mer- 340 rily because he feels no pain; the one lacking the burden of lean and wasteful learning, the other knowing no burden of heavy tedious penury: these Time ambles withal.°

Orl. Who doth he gallop withal?

Ros. With a thief to the gallows; for though he go as softly as foot can fall, he thinks himself too soon there.

Orl. Who stays it still withal?

Ros. With lawyers in the vacation; for they sleep between term and term and then they perceive not how Time moves.

Orl. Where dwell you, pretty youth?°

Ros. With this shepherdess, my sister: here in the skirts of the forest, like fringe upon a petticoat.

Orl. Are you native of this place?

Ros. As the cony that you see dwell where she is kindled.

Orl. Your accent is something finer than you could purchase in so removed a dwelling.

Ros. I have been told so of many: but indeed an old religious uncle° of mine taught me to speak, who was in his youth an inland man; one that knew courtship too well, for there he fell in love. I have heard him read many lectures against it, and I thank God I am not a woman, to be touched with so many giddy offences as he hath generally taxed their whole sex withal.

Orl. Can you remember any of the principal evils that he laid to the charge of women?

Ros. There were none principal; they were all like one another as half-pence are, every one fault seeming monstrous till his° fellow-fault came to match it.

Orl. I prithee, recount some of them.

Ros. No, I will not cast away my physic but on those that are sick. There is a man haunts the forest, that abuses our young plants with carving Rosalind on their barks; hangs odes upon hawthorns and elegies on brambles; all, forsooth, deifying° the name of Rosalind: if I could meet that fancy-monger, I would give him some good counsel, for he seems to have the quotidian of love upon him.

Orl. I am he that is so love-shaked:° I pray you, tell me your remedy.

Ros. There is none of my uncle's marks upon you: he taught me how to know a man in love; in which cage of rushes I am sure you are not prisoner.

Orl. What were his marks?

Ros. A lean cheek, which you have not; a blue eye and sunken, which you have not; an unquestionable spirit,° which you have not; a beard neglected, which you have not; but I pardon you for that, for simply your having° in beard is a younger brother's revenue: then your hose should be ungartered, your bonnet unbanded, your sleeve unbuttoned, your shoe untied and everything about you demonstrating a careless desolation; but you are no such man; you are rather point-device° in your accoutrements,

as loving yourself than seeming the lover of any other.

Orl. Fair youth, I would I could make thee believe I love.

Ros. Me believe it!° you may as soon make her that you love believe it; which, I warrant, she is apter to do than to confess she does: that is one of the points in the which women still give the lie to their consciences. But, in good sooth, are you he that hangs the verses on the trees, wherein Rosalind is so admired?

Orl. I swear to thee, youth, by the white hand of Rosalind, I am that he, that unfortunate he.

Ros. But are you so much in love as your rhymes speak?

Orl. Neither rhyme nor reason can express how much.

Ros. Love is merely a madness; and, I tell you, deserves as well a dark house and a whip as madmen do: and the reason why they are not so punished and cured is, that the lunacy is so ordinary that the whippers are in love too. Yet I profess curing it by counsel.

Orl. Did you ever cure any so?

Ros. Yes, one, and in this manner. He was to

imagine me his love, his mistress; and I set him every day to woo me: at which time would I, being but a moonish youth, grieve, be effeminate, changeable, longing and liking; proud, fantastical, apish, shallow, inconstant, full of tears, full of smiles; for every passion something and for no passion truly anything, as boys and women are for the most part cattle of this color: would now like him, now loathe him; then entertain him, then forswear him; now weep for him, then spit at him; that° I drave my suitor from his mad humor of love to a living humor of madness; which was, to forswear the full stream of the world and to live in a nook merely monastic. And thus I cured him; and this way will I take upon me to wash your liver as clean as a sound sheep's heart, that there shall not be one spot of love in't.

Orl. I would not be cured, youth.

Ros. I would cure you, if you would but call me Rosalind and come every day to my cote and woo me.

Orl. Now, by the faith of my love, I will: tell me where it is.

Ros. Go with me to it and I'll show it you: and by the way° you shall tell me where in the forest you live. Will you go?

Orl. With all my heart, good youth.

Ros. Nay, you must call me Rosalind. Come, sister, will you go? [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The forest*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey; Jaques *behind*

Touch. Come apace, good Audrey: I will fetch up your goats, Audrey. And how, Audrey? am I the man yet? doth my simple feature content you?

Aud. Your features! Lord warrant us! what features?°

Touch. I am here with thee and thy goats, as the most capricious poèt, honest Ovid,° was among the Goths.°

Jaq. [*Aside*] O knowledge ill-inhabited, worse than Jove in a thatched house!° 10

Touch. When a man's verses cannot be understood, nor a man's good wit seconded with the forward child, understanding, it strikes a man more dead than a great reckoning° in a little room. Truly, I would the gods had made thee poetical.

Aud. I do not know what 'poetical' is: is it honest in deed and word? is it a true thing?

Touch. No, truly; for the truest poetry is the most

feigning; and lovers are given to poetry, and what they swear in poetry may be said as lovers they do feign.

Aud. Do you wish then that the gods had made me poetical?

Touch. I do, truly; for thou swearest to me thou art honest: now, if thou wert a poet, I might have some hope thou didst feign.

Aud. Would you not have me honest?

Touch. No, truly, unless thou wert hard-favored; for honesty coupled to beauty is to have honey a sauce to sugar.

Jaq. [*Aside*] A material fool!

Aud. Well, I am not fair; and therefore I pray the gods make me honest.

Touch. Truly, and to cast away honesty upon a foul slut were to put good meat into an unclean dish.

Aud. I am not a slut, though I thank the gods I am foul.°

Touch. Well, praised be the gods for thy foulness! sluttishness may come hereafter. But be it as it may be, I will marry thee, and to that end I have been with Sir Oliver Martext° the vicar of the next village, who hath promised to meet me in this place of the forest and to couple us.

Jaq. [*Aside*] I would fain see this meeting.

Aud. Well, the gods give us joy!°

Touch. Amen. A man may, if he were of a fearful heart, stagger in this attempt; for here we have no temple but the wood, no assembly but horn-beasts. But what though? Courage! Here comes Sir Oliver.

Enter Sir Oliver Martext

Sir Oliver Martext, you are well met: will you dispatch us here under this tree, or shall we go with you to your chapel?

Sir Oli. Is there none here to give the woman?

Touch. I will not take her on gift of any man.

Sir Oli. Truly, she must be given, or the marriage is not lawful.

Jaq. Proceed, proceed: I'll give her.

Touch. Good even, good Master What-ye-call't:° how do you, sir? You are very well met: God 'ild you for your last company: I am very glad to see you: even a toy in hand here, sir: nay, pray be covered.°

Jaq. Will you be married, motley?

Touch. As the ox hath his bow, sir, the horse his curb and the falcon her bells, so man hath his desires; and as pigeons bill, so wedlock would be nibbling.

Jaq. And will you, being a man of your breeding, be married under a bush like a beggar? Get you to church, and have a good priest that can tell you what marriage is: this fellow will but join you together as they join wainscot; then one of you will prove a shrunk panel, and like green timber warp, warp.

Touch. [*Aside*] I am not in the mind but I were better to be married of him than of another: for he is not like to marry me well; and not being well married, it will be a good excuse for me hereafter to leave my wife.

Jaq. Go thou with me, and let me counsel thee.

Touch. Come, sweet Audrey:
We must be married, or we must live in bawdry.
Farewell, good Master Oliver: not, —

O sweet Oliver,
O brave Oliver,
Leave me not behind thee:

but, —

Wind away,
Begone, I say,
I will not to wedding with thee.

[*Exeunt* Jaques, Touchstone, *and* Audrey.

Sir Oli. 'Tis no matter: ne'er a fantastical knave of them all shall flout me out of my calling. [*Exit.*

Scene IV. *The forest*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia

Ros. Never talk to me; I will weep.

Cel. Do, I prithee; but yet have the grace to consider that tears do not become a man.

Ros. But have I not cause to weep?

Cel. As good cause as one would desire; therefore weep.

Ros. His very hair is of the dissembling color.°

Cel. Something browner than Judas's: marry, his kisses are Judas's own children.

Ros. I' faith, his hair is of a good color.

Cel. An excellent color: your chestnut° was ever the only color.

Ros. And his kissing is as full of sanctity as the touch of holy bread.

Cel. He hath bought a pair of cast lips° of Diana: a nun of winter's sisterhood kisses not more religiously; the very ice of chastity is in them.

Ros. But why did he swear he would come this morning, and comes not?

Cel. Nay, certainly, there is no truth in him.

Ros. Do you think so?

Cel. Yes; I think he is not a pick-purse nor a horse-stealer; but for his verity in love, I do think him as concave as a covered goblet° or a worm-eaten nut.

Ros. Not true in love?

Cel. Yes, when he is in; but I think he is not in.

Ros. You have heard him swear downright he was.

Cel. 'Was'° is not 'is': besides, the oath of a lover is no stronger than the word of a tapster; they are both the confirmer of false reckonings. He attends here in the forest on the Duke your father.

Ros. I met the Duke yesterday and had much question with him: he asked me of what parentage I was; I told him, of as good as he; so he laughed and let me go. But what° talk we of fathers, when there is such a man as Orlando?

Cel. O, that's a brave man! he writes brave verses, speaks brave words, swears brave oaths, and breaks them bravely, quite traverse,° athwart the heart of his lover; as a puisny tilter, that spurs his horse but on one side, breaks his staff like a noble goose: but all's brave that youth mounts and folly guides. Who comes here?

Enter Corin

Cor. Mistress and master, you have oft inquired
After the shepherd that complained of love,
Who° you saw sitting by me on the turf,
Praising the proud disdainful shepherdess
That was his mistress.
Cel. Well, and what of him?
Cor. If you will see a pageant truly played,
Between the pale complexion of true love
And the red glow of scorn and proud disdain,
Go hence a little and I shall conduct you,
If you will mark it.
Ros. O, come, let us remove:
The sight of lovers feedeth those in love.
Bring us to this sight, and you shall say
I'll prove a busy actor° in their play. [*Exeunt.*

Scene V. *Another part of the forest*

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe

Sil. Sweet Phebe, do not scorn me; do not, Phebe;
Say that you love me not, but say not so
In bitterness. The common executioner,
Whose heart the accustomed sight of death makes hard,

Falls° not the axe upon the humbled neck
But first begs pardon: will you sterner be
Than he that dies and lives by bloody drops?

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Corin, *behind*

Phe. I would not be thy executioner:
I fly thee, for I would not injure thee.
Thou tell'st me there is murder in mine eye:
'Tis pretty, sure, and very probable,
That eyes, that are the frail'st and softest things,
Who shut their coward gates on atomies,°
Should be called tyrants, butchers, murderers!
Now I do frown on thee with all my heart;
And if mine eyes can wound, now let them kill thee:
Now counterfeit to swoon; why now fall down;
Or if thou canst not, O, for shame, for shame,
Lie not, to say mine eyes are murderers!
Now show the wound mine eye hath made in thee:
Scratch thee but with a pin, and there remains
Some scar of it; lean but upon a rush,
The cicatrice and capable impressure
Thy palm some moment keeps; but now mine eyes,
Which I have darted at thee, hurt thee not,
Nor,° I am sure, there is no force in eyes
That can do hurt.°

Sil. O dear Phebe,
If ever, — as that ever may be near, —
You meet in some fresh cheek the power of fancy,
Then shall you know the wounds invisible
That love's keen arrows make.
Phe. But till that time
Come not thou near me: and when that time comes,
Afflict me with thy mocks, pity me not;
As till that time I shall not pity thee.
Ros. And why, I pray you? Who might be your mother,
That you insult, exult, and all at once,
Over the wretched? What though you have no beauty, —°
As, by my faith, I see no more in you
Than without candle may go dark to bed, —
Must you be therefore proud and pitiless?
Why, what means this? Why do you look on me?
I see no more in you than in the ordinary
Of nature's sale-work.° 'Od's my little life,
I think she means to tangle my eyes too!
No, faith, proud mistress, hope not after it:
'Tis not your inky brows, your black silk hair,
Your bugle eyeballs, nor your cheek of cream,°
That can entame my spirits to your worship.

You foolish shepherd, wherefore do you follow her,
Like foggy south,° puffing with wind and rain?
You are a thousand times a properer man
Than she a woman: 'tis such fools as you
That makes the world full of ill-favored children:
'Tis not her glass, but you, that flatters her;
And out of you she sees herself more proper
Than any of her lineaments can show her.
But, mistress, know yourself: down on your knees,
And thank heaven, fasting, for a good man's love:
For I must tell you friendly in your ear,
Sell when you can: you are not for all markets:
Cry the man mercy; love him; take his offer:
Foul is most foul,° being foul to be a scoffer.
So take her to thee, shepherd: fare you well.

Phe. Sweet youth, I pray you, chide a year together: I had rather hear you chide than this man woo.

Ros. He's fallen in love with your foulness and she'll fall in love with my anger. If it be so, as fast as she answers thee with frowning looks, I'll sauce her with bitter words. Why look you so upon me?

Phe. For no ill will I bear you.

Ros. I pray you do not fall in love with me,
For I am falser than vows made in wine:
Besides, I like you not. If you will know my house,

'Tis at the tuft of olives° here hard by.
Will you go, sister? Shepherd, ply her hard.
Come, sister. Shepherdess, look on him better,
And be not proud: though all the world could see,
None could be so abused in sight as he.
Come, to our flock.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind, Celia, *and* Corin.

Phe. Dead shepherd,° now I find thy saw of might,
'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'°

Sil. Sweet Phebe,—

Phe. Ha, what say'st thou, Silvius?

Sil. Sweet Phebe, pity me.

Phe. Why, I am sorry for thee, gentle Silvius.

Sil. Wherever sorrow is, relief would be:°
If you do sorrow at my grief in love,
By giving love your sorrow and my grief
Were both extermined.

Phe. Thou hast my love:° is not that neighborly?

Sil. I would have you.

Phe. Why, that were covetousness.
Silvius, the time was that I hated thee,
And yet it is not that I bear thee love;
But since that thou canst talk of love so well,
Thy company, which erst was irksome to me,
I will endure, and I'll employ thee too:

But do not look for further recompense
Than thine own gladness that thou art employed.

Sil. So holy and so perfect is my love,
And I in such a poverty of grace,
That I shall think it a most plenteous crop
To glean the broken ears after the man
That the main harvest reaps: loose now and then
A scattered smile, and that I'll live upon.

Phe. Know'st thou the youth that spoke to me erewhile?

Sil. Not very well, but I have met him oft;
And he hath bought the cottage and the bounds
That the old carlot once was master of.

Phe. Think not I love him, though I ask for him;
'Tis but a peevish boy; yet he talks well;
But what care I for words? yet words do well
When he that speaks them pleases those that hear.
It is a pretty youth:° not very pretty:
But, sure, he's proud, and yet his pride becomes him:
He'll make a proper man: the best thing in him
Is his complexion; and faster than his tongue
Did make offence his eye did heal it up.
He is not very tall;° yet for his years he's tall:
His leg is but so so; and yet 'tis well:
There was a pretty redness in his lip,

A little riper and more lusty red
Than that mixed in his cheek; 'twas just the difference
Betwixt the constant red and mingled damask.
There be some women, Silvius, had they marked him
In parcels° as I did, would have gone near
To fall in love with him: but, for my part,
I love him not nor hate him not; and yet
I have more cause to hate him than to love him:
For what had he to do to chide at me?
He said mine eyes were black and my hair black; 130
And, now I am remembered, scorned at me:
I marvel why I answered not again:
But that's all one; omittance is no quittance.°
I'll write to him a very taunting letter,
And thou shalt bear it: wilt thou, Silvius?

Sil. Phebe, with all my heart.

Phe. I'll write it straight;
The matter's in my head and in my heart:
I will be bitter with him and passing short.
Go with me, Silvius. [*Exeunt*

ACT IV

Scene I. *The forest*

Enter Rosalind, Celia, *and* Jaques

Jaq. I prithee, pretty youth,° let me be better acquainted with thee.

Ros. They say you are a melancholy° fellow.

Jaq. I am so; I do love it better than laughing.

Ros. Those that are in extremity of either are abominable fellows, and betray themselves to every modern censure° worse than drunkards.

Jaq. Why, 'tis good to be sad and say nothing.

Ros. Why then, 'tis good to be a post.

Jaq. I have neither° the scholar's melancholy, which is emulation; nor the musician's, which is fantastical; nor the courtier's, which is proud; nor the soldier's, which is ambitious; nor the lawyer's, which is politic; nor the lady's, which is nice;° nor the lover's, which is all these: but it is a melancholy of mine own, compounded of many simples, extracted from many objects; and indeed the sundry contemplation of my travels, in which my often rumination wraps me in a most humorous sadness.

Ros. A traveller! By my faith, you have great reason to be sad: I fear you have sold your own lands° to see other men's; then, to have seen much, and to have nothing, is to have rich eyes and poor hands.

Jaq. Yes, I have gained my experience.

Ros. And your experience makes you sad: I had rather° have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad; and to travel for it too!

Enter Orlando

Orl. Good-day and happiness, dear Rosalind! 30

Jaq. Nay, then, God buy you,° an° you talk in blank verse.° [*Exit.*

Ros. Farewell, Monsieur Traveller: look you lisp and wear strange suits; disable all the benefits of your own country; be out of love with your nativity and almost chide God for making you that countenance you are; or I will scarce think you have swam in a gondola. Why, how now, Orlando! where have you been all this while?° You a lover! An you serve 40 me such another trick, never come in my sight more.

Orl. My fair Rosalind, I come within an hour of my promise.

Ros. Break an hour's promise in love! He that will

divide a minute into a thousand parts, and break but a part of the thousandth part of a minute in the affairs of love, it may be said of him that Cupid hath clapped him o' the shoulder,° but I'll warrant him heart-whole.

Orl. Pardon me, dear Rosalind.

Ros. Nay, an you be so tardy, come no more in my sight: I had as lief be wooed of a snail.

Orl. Of a snail?

Ros. Ay, of a snail; for though he comes slowly, he carries his house on his head; a better jointure, I think, than you make a woman. And I am your Rosalind.

Cel. It pleases him to call you so; but he hath a Rosalind of a better leer° than you.

Ros. Come, woo me, woo me; for now I am in a holiday humor and like enough to consent. What would you say to me now, an I were your very very Rosalind?

Orl. I would kiss before I spoke.

Ros. Nay, you were better speak first; and when you were gravelled for lack of matter, you might take occasion to kiss. Very good orators, when they are out, they will spit; and for lovers lacking — God warn us! — matter, the cleanliest shift is to kiss.

Orl. How if the kiss be denied?

Ros. Then she puts you to entreaty and there begins new matter.° Am not I your Rosalind?

Orl. I take some joy to say you are, because I would be talking of her.

Ros. Well, in her person, I say I will not have you.

Orl. Then in mine own person I die.

Ros. No, faith, die by attorney. The poor world is almost six thousand years old, and in all this time there was not any man died in his own person, videlicet, in a love-cause. Troilus° had his brains dashed out with a Grecian club; yet he did what he could to die before, and he is one of the patterns of love. Leander, he° would have lived many a fair year, though Hero had turned nun, if it had not been for a hot midsummer night; for, good youth, he went but forth to wash him in the Hellespont and being taken with the cramp was drowned: and the foolish chroniclers of that age found it was 'Hero of Sestos.' But these are all lies: men have died from time to time and worms have eaten them, but not for love.

Orl. I would not have my right Rosalind of this mind; for, I protest, her frown might kill me.

Ros. By this hand, it will not kill a fly.° But come, now I will be your Rosalind in a more coming-on disposition, and ask me what you will, I will grant it.

Orl. Then love me, Rosalind.

Ros. Yes, faith, will I, Fridays and Saturdays and all.

Orl. And wilt thou have me?

Ros. Ay,° and twenty such.

Orl. What sayest thou?

Ros. Are you not good?

Orl. I hope so.

Ros. Why then, can one desire too much of a good thing?° Come, sister, you shall be the priest° and marry us. Give me your hand, Orlando. What do you say, sister?

Orl. Pray thee, marry us.

Cel. I cannot say the words.

Ros. You must begin, 'Will you, Orlando—'

Cel. Go to.° Will you, Orlando, have to wife this Rosalind?

Orl. I will.

Ros. Ay, but when?

Orl. Why now; as fast as she can marry us.

Ros. Then you must say 'I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.'

Orl. I take thee, Rosalind, for wife.

Ros. I might ask you for your commission;° but I do take thee, Orlando, for my husband: there's a girl

goes before the priest; and certainly a woman's thought runs before her actions.

Orl. So do all thoughts; they are winged.

Ros. Now tell me how long you would have her after you have possessed her.

Orl. For ever and a day.

Ros. Say 'a day,' without the 'ever.' No, no, Orlando; men are April when they woo, December when they wed: maids are May when they are maids, but the sky changes when they are wives. I will be more jealous of thee than a Barbary cock-pigeon over his hen, more clamorous than a parrot against rain, more new-fangled than an ape, more giddy in my desires than a monkey: I will weep for nothing, like Diana in the fountain,° and I will do that when you are disposed to be merry; I will laugh like a hyen, and that when thou art inclined to sleep.

Orl. But will my Rosalind do so?

Ros. By my life, she will do as I do.

Orl. O, but she is wise.

Ros. Or else she could not have the wit to do this: the wiser, the waywarder: make the doors upon a woman's wit and it will out at the casement; shut that and 'twill out at the key-hole; stop that, 'twill fly with the smoke out at the chimney.

Orl. A man that had a wife with such a wit, he might say 'Wit, whither wilt?'

Ros. Nay, you might keep that check for it till you met your wife's wit going to your neighbor's bed.

Orl. And what wit could wit have to excuse that.

Ros. Marry, to say she came to seek you there. You shall never take her without her answer, unless you take her without her tongue. O, that woman that cannot make her fault her husband's occasion, let her never nurse her child herself, for she will breed it like a fool!

Orl. For these two hours,° Rosalind, I will leave thee.

Ros. Alas, dear love, I cannot lack thee two hours!

Orl. I must attend the Duke at dinner: by two o'clock I will be with thee again.

Ros. Ay, go your ways, go your ways; I knew what you would prove: my friends told me as much, and I thought no less: that flattering tongue of yours won me: 'tis but one cast away, and so, come, death! Two o'clock is your hour?

Orl. Ay, sweet Rosalind.

Ros. By my troth, and in good earnest, and so God mend me, and by all pretty oaths that are not dangerous, if you break one jot of your promise or come

one minute behind your hour, I will think you the most pathetical break-promise, and the most hollow lover, and the most unworthy of her you call Rosalind, that may be chosen out of the gross band of the unfaithful: therefore beware my censure and keep your promise.

Orl. With no less religion than if thou wert indeed my Rosalind: so adieu.

Ros. Well, Time is the old justice that examines all such offenders, and let Time try: adieu.

[*Exit* Orlando.

Cel. You have simply misused our sex° in your love-prate: we must have your doublet and hose plucked over your head, and show the world what the bird hath done to her own nest.

Ros. O coz, coz, coz, my pretty little coz, that thou didst know how many fathom° deep I am in love! But it cannot be sounded: my affection hath an unknown bottom, like the bay of Portugal.°

Cel. Or rather, bottomless; that as fast as you pour affection in, it runs out.

Ros. No, that same wicked bastard of Venus that was begot of thought, conceived of spleen, and born of madness, that blind rascally boy° that abuses every one's eyes because his own are out, let him be

judge how deep I am in love. I'll tell thee, Aliena, I cannot be out of the sight of Orlando: I'll go find a shadow and sigh till he come.

Cel. And I'll sleep.° [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The forest*

Enter Jaques, *Lords, and Foresters*

Jaq. Which is he that killed the deer?°

A Lord. Sir, it was I.

Jaq. Let's present him to the Duke, like a Roman conqueror; and it would do well to set the deer's horns upon his head, for a branch of victory. Have you no song, forester, for this purpose?

For. Yes, sir.

Jaq. Sing it: 'tis no matter how it be in tune, so it make noise enough. 10

Song

For. What shall he have that killed the deer?
His leather skin and horns to wear.
Then sing him home:
[*The rest shall bear this burden.*°
Take thou no scorn to wear the horn;
It was a crest ere thou wast born:

Thy father's father wore it,
And thy father bore it:
The horn, the horn, the lusty horn
Is not a thing to laugh to scorn. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The forest*

Enter Rosalind *and* Celia

Ros. How say you now? Is it not past two o'clock? and here much Orlando!°

Cel. I warrant you, with pure love and troubled brain, he hath ta'en his bow and arrows and is gone forth to sleep. Look, who comes here.

Enter Silvius

Sil. My errand is to you, fair youth;°
My gentle Phebe bid me give you this.
I know not the contents; but, as I guess
By the stern brow and waspish action
Which she did use as she was writing of it,
It bears an angry tenor: pardon me;
I am but as a guiltless messenger.

Ros. Patience herself would startle at this letter
And play the swaggerer; bear this,° bear all:
She says I am not fair, that I lack manners;

She calls me proud, and that she could° not love me,
Were men as rare as phœnix.° 'Od's my will!
Her love is not the hare that I do hunt:
Why writes she so to me? Well, shepherd, well,
This is a letter of your own device.

Sil. No, I protest, I know not the contents.
Phebe did write it.

Ros. Come, come, you are a fool,
And turned into the extremity of love.
I saw her hand: she has a leather hand,
A freestone-colored hand; I verily did think
That her old gloves were on, but 'twas her hands:
She has a huswife's hand; but that's no matter:
I say she never did invent this letter;
This is a man's invention and his hand.

Sil. Sure, it is hers.

Ros. Why, 'tis a boisterous and a cruel style,
A style for challengers; why, she defies me,
Like Turk to Christian: woman's gentle brain
Could not drop forth such giant-rude invention,
Such Ethiope words, blacker in their effect
Than in their countenance. Will you hear the letter?

Sil. So please you, for I never heard it yet;
Yet heard too much of Phebe's cruelty.

Ros. She Phebes me: mark how the tyrant writes.

[*Reads*] Art thou god to shepherd turned,
That a maiden's heart hath burned?
Can a woman rail thus?
Sil. Call you this railing?
Ros. [*Reads*]
Why, thy godhead laid apart,
Warr'st thou with a woman's heart?
Did you ever hear such railing?
Whiles the eye of man did woo me,
That could do no vengeance° to me.
Meaning me a beast.°
If the scorn of your bright eyne°
Have power to raise such love in mine,
Alack, in me what strange effect
Would they work in mild aspect!°
Whiles you chid me, I did love;
How then might your prayers move!
He that brings this love to thee
Little knows this love in me:
And by him seal up° thy mind;
Whether that thy youth and kind
Will the faithful offer take
Of me and all that I can make;
Or else by him my love deny,
And then I'll study how to die.

Sil. Call you this chiding?

Cel. Alas, poor shepherd!

Ros. Do you pity him? no, he deserves no pity. Wilt thou love such a woman? What, to make thee an instrument and play false strains upon thee! not to be endured! Well, go your way to her, for I see love hath made thee a tame snake, and say this to her: that if she love me, I charge her to love thee; if she will not, I will never have her unless thou entreat for her. If you be a true lover, hence, and not a word; for here comes more company. [*Exit* Silvius.

Enter Oliver

Oli. Good morrow, fair ones: pray you, if you know,
Where in the purlieus of this forest stands
A sheep-cote fenced about with olive-trees?

Cel. West of this place, down in the neighbor bottom:
The rank of osiers by the murmuring stream
Left on your right hand brings you to the place.
But at this hour the house doth keep itself;
There's none within.

Oli. If that an eye may profit by a tongue,
Then should I know you by description;
Such garments and such years: 'The boy is fair,

Of female favor, and bestows himself
Like a ripe sister: ° the woman low,
And browner° than her brother.' Are not you
The owner of the house I did inquire for?
Cel. It is no boast, being asked, to say we are.
Oli. Orlando doth commend him to you both,
And to that youth he calls his Rosalind
He sends this bloody napkin. Are you he?
Ros. I am: what must we understand by this?
Oli. Some of my shame; if you will know of me
What man I am, and how, and why, and where
This handkercher was stained.
Cel. I pray you, tell it.
Oli. When last the young Orlando parted from you
He left a promise to return again
Within an hour,° and pacing through the forest,
Chewing the food of sweet and bitter fancy,
Lo, what befell! he threw his eye aside,
And mark what object did present itself:
Under an oak,° whose boughs were mossed with age
And high top bald with dry antiquity,
A wretched ragged man, o'ergrown with hair,
Lay sleeping on his back: about his neck
A green and gilded snake had wreathed itself,
Who with her head nimble in threats approached

The opening of his mouth; but suddenly,
Seeing Orlando, it° unlinked itself,
And with indented glides did slip away
Into a bush: under which bush's shade
A lioness,° with udders all drawn dry,
Lay crouching, head on ground, with catlike watch,
When that° the sleeping man should stir; for 'tis
The royal disposition of that beast
To prey on nothing that doth seem as dead:
This seen, Orlando did approach the man
And found it was his brother, his elder brother.
Cel. O, I have heard him speak of that same brother;
And he did render him the most unnatural
That lived amongst men.
Oli. And well he might so do,
For well I know he was unnatural.
Ros. But, to Orlando: did he leave him there,
Food to the sucked and hungry lioness?
Oli. Twice° did he turn his back and purposed so;
But kindness, nobler ever than revenge,
And nature, stronger than his just occasion,
Made him give battle to the lioness,
Who quickly fell before him: in which hurtling
From miserable slumber I awaked.

Cel. Are you his brother?
Ros. Was't you he rescued?
Cel. Was't you that did so oft contrive to kill him?
Oli. 'Twas I; but 'tis not I: I do not shame
To tell you what I was, since my conversion
So sweetly tastes, being the thing I am.
Ros. But, for the bloody napkin?°
Oli. By and by.
When from the first to last betwixt us two
Tears our recountments° had most kindly bathed,
As how I came into that desert place, —
In brief, he led me to the gentle Duke,°
Who gave me fresh array and entertainment,
Committing me unto my brother's love;
Who led me instantly unto his cave,°
There stripped himself, and here upon his arm
The lioness had torn some flesh away,
Which all this while had bled; and now he fainted
And cried, in fainting, upon Rosalind.
Brief, I recovered him, bound up his wound;
And, after some small space, being strong at heart,
He sent me hither,° stranger as I am,
To tell this story, that you might excuse
His broken promise, and to give this napkin,°

Dyed in his blood, unto the shepherd youth
That he in sport doth call his Rosalind.

[Rosalind *swoons.*

Cel. Why, how now, Ganymede! sweet Ganymede!

Oli. Many will swoon when they do look on blood.

Cel. There is more in it. Cousin Ganymede!

Oli. Look, he recovers.

Ros. I would I were at home.

Cel. We'll lead you thither.
I pray you, will you take him by the arm?

Oli. Be of good cheer, youth: you a man! you lack a man's heart.

Ros. I do so, I confess it. Ah, sirrah, a body would think this was well counterfeited! I pray you, tell your brother how well I counterfeited. Heigh-ho!

Oli. This was not counterfeit: there is too great testimony in your complexion that it was a passion of earnest.

Ros. Counterfeit, I assure you.

Oli. Well then, take a good heart and counterfeit to be a man.

Ros. So I do: but, i' faith, I should have been a woman by right.

Cel. Come, you look paler and paler: pray you, draw homewards. Good sir, go with us.

Oli. That will I, for I must bear answer back How you excuse my brother, Rosalind.

Ros. I shall devise something: but, I pray you, commend my counterfeiting° to him. Will you go?

[*Exeunt.*

ACT V

Scene I. *The forest*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey

Touch. We shall find a time, Audrey; patience, gentle Audrey.

Aud. Faith, the priest was good enough, for all the old gentleman's saying.°

Touch. A most wicked Sir Oliver, Audrey, a most vile Martext. But, Audrey, there is a youth here in the forest lays claim to you.

Aud. Ay, I know who 'tis: he hath no interest in me in the world: here comes the man you mean.

Touch. It is meat and drink to me to see a clown:° by my troth, we that have good wits have much to answer for; we shall be flouting;° we cannot hold.

Enter William

Will. Good even, Audrey.

Aud. God ye good even, William.

Will. And good even to you, sir.

Touch. Good even, gentle friend. Cover thy head, cover thy head; nay, prithee, be covered. How old are you, friend?

Will. Five and twenty, sir.

Touch. A ripe age. Is thy name William?

Will. William, sir.

Touch. A fair name. Wast born i' the forest here?

Will. Ay, sir, I thank God.

Touch. 'Thank God;' a good answer. Art rich?

Will. Faith, sir, so so.°

Touch. 'So so' is good, very good, very excellent good; and yet it is not; it is but so so. Art thou wise?

Will. Ay, sir, I have a pretty wit.

Touch. Why, thou sayest well. I do now remember a saying, 'The fool doth think he is wise, but the wise man knows himself to be a fool.' The heathen philosopher, when he had a desire to eat a grape,° would open his lips when he put it into his mouth; meaning thereby that grapes were made to eat and lips to open. You do love this maid?

Will. I do, sir.

Touch. Give me your hand. Art thou learned?

Will. No, sir.

Touch. Then learn this of me: to have, is to have; for it is a figure in rhetoric that drink, being poured out of a cup into a glass, by filling the one doth empty the other; for all your writers do consent that ipse is he: now, you are not ipse, for I am he.

Will. Which he, sir?

Touch. He, sir, that must marry this woman. Therefore, you clown, abandon, — which is in the vulgar leave, — the society, — which in the boorish is company, — of this female,° — which in the common is woman; which together is, abandon the society of this female, or, clown, thou perishest; or, to thy better understanding, diest; or, to wit, I kill thee, make thee away, translate thy life into death, thy liberty into bondage: I will deal in poison with thee, or in bastinado, or in steel; I will bandy with thee in faction; I will o'er-run thee with policy; I will kill thee a hundred and fifty ways: therefore tremble, and depart.

Aud. Do, good William.

Will. God rest you merry,° sir. [*Exit*

Enter Corin

Cor. Our master and mistress seeks° you; come, away, away!

Touch. Trip, Audrey! trip, Audrey! I attend, I attend. [*Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The forest*

Enter Orlando *and* Oliver

Orl. Is't possible that on so little acquaintance° you should like her? that but seeing you should love her? and loving woo? and, wooing, she should grant? and will you persever to enjoy her?

Oli. Neither call the giddiness of it° in question, the poverty of her, the small acquaintance, my sudden wooing, nor her sudden consenting; but say with me, I love Aliena; say with her that she loves me; consent with both that we may enjoy each other: it shall be to your good: for my father's house° and all the revenue that was old Sir Rowland's will I estate upon you, and here live and die a shepherd.

Orl. You have my consent. Let your wedding be to-morrow: thither will I invite the Duke and all's contented° followers. Go you and prepare Aliena; for look you, here comes my Rosalind.

Enter Rosalind

Ros. God save you, brother.°

Oli. And you, fair sister. [*Exit.*

Ros. O, my dear Orlando, how it grieves me to see thee wear thy heart in a scarf!

Orl. It is my arm.

Ros. I thought thy heart had been wounded with the claws of a lion.

Orl. Wounded it is, but with the eyes of a lady.

Ros. Did your brother tell you how I counterfeited to swoon when he showed me your handkercher?

Orl. Ay, and greater wonders than that.

Ros. O, I know where you are: nay, 'tis true: there was never any thing so sudden but the fight of two rams, and Cæsar's thrasonical brag° of 'I came, saw, and overcame:' for your brother and my sister no sooner met but they looked; no sooner looked but they loved; no sooner loved but they sighed; no sooner sighed but they asked one another the reason; no sooner knew the reason but they sought the remedy: and in these degrees have they made a pair of stairs to marriage which they will climb incontinent, or else be incontinent before marriage: they are

in the very wrath of love and they will together; clubs cannot part them.

Orl. They shall be married to-morrow, and I will bid the Duke to the nuptial.° But, O, how bitter a thing it is to look into happiness through another man's eyes! By so much the more shall I to-morrow be at the height of heart-heaviness, by how much I shall think my brother happy in having what he wishes for.

Ros. Why, then, to-morrow I cannot serve your turn for Rosalind?

Orl. I can live no longer by thinking.

Ros. I will weary you then no longer with idle talking. Know of me then, for now I speak to some purpose, that I know you are a gentleman of good conceit: I speak not this that you should bear a good opinion of my knowledge, insomuch I say I know you are; neither do I labor for a greater esteem than may in some little measure draw a belief from you, to do yourself good and not to grace me. Believe then, if you please, that I can do strange things. I have, since I was three year old, conversed with a magician,° most profound in his art and yet not damnable. If you do love Rosalind so near the heart as your gesture cries it out, when your brother marries Aliena,

shall you marry her: I know into what straits of fortune she is driven; and it is not impossible to me, if it appear not inconvenient to you, to set her before your eyes to-morrow, human as she is, and without any danger.

Orl. Speakest thou in sober meanings?

Ros. By my life, I do; which I tender dearly, though I say I am a magician. Therefore, put you in your best array; bid your friends; for if you will be married to-morrow, you shall; and to Rosalind, if you will.

Enter Silvius *and* Phebe

Look, here comes° a lover of mine and a lover of hers.

Phe. Youth, you have done me much ungentleness,
To show the letter that I writ to you.

Ros. I care not if I have: it is my study
To seem despiteful and ungentle to you:
You are there followed by a faithful shepherd;
Look upon him, love him; he worships you

Phe. Good shepherd, tell this youth what 'tis to love.

Sil. It is to be all made of sighs and tears;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of faith and service;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And I for Ganymede.

Orl. And I for Rosalind.

Ros. And I for no woman.

Sil. It is to be all made of fantasy,° 100
All made of passion, and all made of wishes;
All adoration, duty, and observance,
All humbleness, all patience, and impatience,
All purity, all trial, all obedience;
And so am I for Phebe.

Phe. And so am I for Ganymede.

Orl. And so am I for Rosalind.

Ros. And so am I for no woman.

Phe. If this be so, why blame you me to love you? 110

Sil. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Orl. If this be so, why blame you me to love you?

Ros. Who do you speak to, 'Why blame you me to love you?'

Orl. To her that is not here, nor doth not hear.

Ros. Pray you, no more of this; 'tis like the howling of Irish wolves° against the moon. [*To* Sil.] I will

help you, if I can: [*To* Phe.] I would love you, if I could. To-morrow meet me all together. [*To* Phe.] I will marry you, if ever I marry° woman, and I'll be married to-morrow:° [*To* Orl.] I will satisfy you, if ever I satisfied man, and you shall be married to-morrow: [*To* Sil.] I will content you, if what pleases you contents you, and you shall be married to-morrow. [*To* Orl.] As you love Rosalind, meet: [*To* Sil.] as you love Phebe, meet: and as I love no woman, I'll meet. So, fare you well: I have left you commands.

Sil. I'll not fail, if I live.

Phe. Nor I.

Orl. Nor I. [*Exeunt.*

Scene III. *The forest*

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey

Touch. To-morrow is the joyful day, Audrey; to-morrow will we be married.

Aud. I do desire it with all my heart; and I hope it is no dishonest desire° to desire to be a woman of the world. Here come two of the banished Duke's pages.°

Enter two Pages

First Page. Well met, honest gentleman.

Touch. By my troth, well met. Come, sit, sit, and a song.

Sec. Page. We are for you: sit i' the middle.

First Page. Shall we clap into 't roundly,° without hawking or spitting or saying we are hoarse, which are the only prologues° to a bad voice?

Sec. Page. I' faith, i' faith; and both in a tune, like two gipsies° on a horse.

SONG

It was a lover and his lass,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
That o'er the green corn-field did pass
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,°
When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding:
Sweet lovers love the spring.

Between the acres of the rye,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
These pretty country folks would lie,
In spring time, etc.

This carol they began that hour,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,
How that a life was but a flower
In spring time, etc.

And therefore take the present time,
With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino;
For love is crowned with the prime°
In spring time, etc.

Touch. Truly, young gentlemen, though there was no great matter° in the ditty, yet the note was very untuneable.

First Page. You are deceived, sir: we kept time, we lost not our time.

Touch. By my troth, yes;° I count it but time lost to hear such a foolish song. God be wi' you; and God mend your voices! Come, Audrey. [*Exeunt.*

Scene IV. *The forest*

Enter Duke *senior*, Amiens, Jaques, Orlando, Oliver, *and* Celia

Duke S. Dost thou believe, Orlando, that the boy Can do all this that he hath promised?

Orl. I sometimes do believe, and sometimes do not; As those that fear they hope,° and know they fear.

Enter Rosalind, Silvius, *and* Phebe

Ros. Patience once more, whiles our compact° is urged:
You say, if I bring in your Rosalind,
You will bestow her on Orlando here?
Duke S. That would I, had I kingdoms to give with her.
Ros. And you say, you will have her, when I bring her.
Orl. That would I, were I of all kingdoms king.
Ros. You say, you'll marry me, if I be willing?
Phe. That will I, should I die the hour after.
Ros. But if you do refuse to marry me,
You'll give yourself to this most faithful shepherd?
Phe. So is the bargain.
Ros. You say, that you'll have Phebe, if she will?
Sil. Though to have her and death were both one thing.
Ros. I have promised to make all this matter even.°
Keep you your word, O Duke, to give your daughter;
You yours, Orlando, to receive his daughter:
Keep your word,° Phebe, that you'll marry me,
Or else refusing me, to wed° this shepherd:
Keep your word, Silvius, that you'll marry her,

If she refuse me: and from hence° I go,
To make these doubts all even.

[*Exeunt* Rosalind *and* Celia.

Duke S. I do remember in this shepherd boy
Some lively° touches of my daughter's favor.

Orl. My lord, the first time that I ever saw him
Methought he was a brother to your daughter:
But, my good lord, this boy is forest-born,
And hath been tutored in the rudiments
Of many desperate studies by his uncle,
Whom he reports to be a great magician,
Obscured in the circle of this forest.

Enter Touchstone *and* Audrey

Jaq. There is, sure, another flood toward, and these couples are coming to the ark. Here comes a pair of very strange beasts, which in all tongues are called fools.

Touch. Salutation and greeting to you all!

Jaq. Good my lord,° bid him welcome: this is the motley-minded gentleman that I have so often met in the forest: he hath been a courtier, he swears.

Touch. If any man doubt that, let him put me to my purgation. I have trod a measure; I have flattered a lady; I have been politic with my friend,

smooth with mine enemy; I have undone three tailors; I have had four quarrels, and like to have fought° one.

Jaq. And how was that ta'en up?

Touch. Faith, we met, and found the quarrel was upon the seventh cause.

Jaq. How seventh cause? Good my lord, like this fellow.

Duke S. I like him very well.

Touch. God 'ild you, sir; I desire you of the like. I press in here, sir, amongst the rest of the country copulatives, to swear and to forswear: according as marriage binds and blood breaks: a poor virgin, sir, an ill-favored thing, sir, but mine own: a poor humor of mine, sir, to take that that no man else will: rich honesty° dwells like a miser, sir, in a poor house; as your pearl° in your foul oyster.

Duke S. By my faith, he is very swift and sententious.

Touch. According to the fool's bolt,° sir, and such dulcet diseases.°

Jaq. But, for the seventh cause; how did you find the quarrel on the seventh cause?

Touch. Upon a lie seven times removed: — bear your body more seeming, Audrey: — as thus, sir

I did dislike the cut of a certain courtier's beard: he sent me word, if I said his beard was not cut well, he was in the mind it was: this is called the Retort Courteous. If I sent him word again 'it was not well cut,' he would send me word, he cut it to please himself: this is called the Quip Modest. If again 'it was not well cut,' he disabled my judgment: this is called the Reply Churlish. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would answer, I spake not true: this is called the Reproof Valiant. If again 'it was not well cut,' he would say, I lied: this is called the Countercheck Quarrelsome: and so to the Lie Circumstantial and the Lie Direct.

Jaq. And how oft did you say his beard was not well cut?

Touch. I durst go no further than the Lie Circumstantial, nor he durst not give me the Lie Direct; and so we measured swords° and parted.

Jaq. Can you nominate in order now the degrees of the lie?

Touch. O sir, we quarrel in print, by the book;° as you have books for good manners:° I will name you the degrees. The first, the Retort Courteous; the second, the Quip Modest; the third, the Reply Churlish; the fourth, the Reproof Valiant; the fifth,

the Countercheck Quarrelsome; the sixth, the Lie with Circumstance; the seventh, the Lie Direct. All these you may avoid but the Lie Direct; and you may avoid that too, with an If. I knew when seven justices could not take up a quarrel, but when the parties were met themselves, one of them thought but of an If, as 'If you said so, then I said so;' and they shook hands and swore brothers. Your If is the only peacemaker; much virtue in If.

Jaq. Is not this a rare fellow, my lord? he's as good at any thing and yet a fool.

Duke S. He uses his folly like a stalking-horse and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit.

Enter Hymen, Rosalind, *and* Celia. *Still Music.*

Hym. Then is there mirth in heaven,
When earthly things made even
Atone together.
Good Duke, receive thy daughter
Hymen from heaven brought her,
Yea, brought her hither,
That thou mightst join her hand with his
Whose heart within his bosom is.

Ros. [*To* Duke S.] To you I give myself,° for I am yours.

[*To* Orl.] To you I give myself, for I am yours.

Duke S. If there be truth in sight, you are my daughter.

Orl. If there be truth in sight, you are my Rosalind

Phe. If sight and shape be true,
Why then, my love adieu! °

Ros. I'll have no father, if you be not he:
I'll have no husband, if you be not he:
Nor ne'er wed woman, if you be not she.

Hym. Peace, ho! I bar confusion:
'Tis I must make conclusion
Of these most strange events:
Here's eight that must take hands
To join in Hymen's bands,
If truth holds true contents.
You and you no cross shall part:
You and you are heart in heart:
You to his love must accord,
Or have a woman to your lord:
You and you are sure together,
As the winter to foul weather.
Whiles a wedlock-hymn° we sing,
Feed yourselves with questioning;
That reason wonder may diminish,
How thus we met, and these things finish.

Song

Wedding is great Juno's crown:
O blessed bond of board and bed!
'Tis Hymen peoples every town;
High wedlock° then be honored:
Honor, high honor, and renown,
To Hymen, god of every town!

Duke S. O my dear niece, welcome thou art to me!
Even daughter,° welcome, in no less degree.

Phe. I will not eat my word, now thou art mine;
Thy faith my fancy° to thee doth combine.

Enter Jaques de Boys

Jaq. de B. Let me have audience for a word or two:
I am the second son° of old Sir Rowland,
That bring these tidings to this fair assembly.
Duke Frederick, hearing how that every day
Men of great worth resorted to this forest,
Addressed a mighty power; which were on foot,
In his own conduct, purposely to take
His brother here and put him to the sword:
And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
Where meeting with an old religious man,
After some question with him, was converted

Both from his enterprise and from the world;
His crown bequeathing to his banished brother,
And all their lands restored to them again
That were with him exiled. This to be true,
I do engage my life.

Duke S. Welcome, young man;
Thou offer'st fairly° to thy brothers' wedding:
To one his lands withheld; and to the other
A land itself at large, a potent dukedom.
First, in this forest let us do those ends
That here were well begun and well begot:
And after, every° of this happy number,
That have endured shrewd° days and nights with us,
Shall share the good of our returned fortune,
According to the measure of their states.°
Meantime, forget this new-fallen dignity,
And fall into our rustic revelry.
Play, music! And you, brides and bridegrooms all,
With measure heaped in joy, to the measures fall.

Jaq. Sir, by your patience. If I heard you rightly,
The Duke hath put on a religious life
And thrown into neglect the pompous court?

Jaq. de B. He hath.

Jaq. To him will I: out of these convertites
There is much matter to be heard and learned.

[*To* Duke S.] You to your former honor° I bequeath;
Your patience and your virtue well deserves° it:
[*To* Orl.] You to a love, that your true faith doth merit:
[*To* Oli.] You to your land, and love, and great allies:
[*To* Sil.] You to a long and well-deserved bed:
[*To* Touch.] And you to wrangling; for thy loving voyage
Is but for two months victualled. So, to your pleasures:°
I am for other than for dancing measures.

Duke S. Stay, Jaques, stay.

Jaq. To see no pastime I: what you would have
I'll stay to know at your abandoned cave. [*Exit.*

Duke S. Proceed, proceed: we will begin these rites,
As we do trust they'll end, in true delights.

[*A dance*

EPILOGUE

Ros. It is not the fashion to see the lady the epilogue; but it is no more unhandsome than to see the lord the prologue. If it be true that good wine needs no bush,° 'tis true that a good play needs no epilogue: yet to good wine they do use good bushes; and good plays prove the better by the help of good epilogues. What a case am I in then, that am neither a good epilogue, nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play! I am not furnished like a beggar, therefore to beg will not become me: my way is to conjure you; and I'll begin with the women. I charge you, O women, for the love you bear to men, to like as much of this play as please you: and I charge you, O men, for the love you bear to women,—as I perceive by your simpering, none of you hates them,—that between you and the women the play may please. If I were a woman° I would kiss as many of you as had beards that please me, complexions that liked me and breaths that I defied not: and, I am sure, as many as have good beards or good faces or sweet breaths will, for my kind offer, when I make curtsy, bid me farewell. [*Exeunt.*

NOTES

ACT I

Scene I

Orchard: that is, garden. See *Julius Cæsar*, Act II, Scene 1, "Brutus's orchard."

2. **bequeathed:** no plain syntax can be discovered for this word. Some editors suggest that, since the conversation begins abruptly, the pronoun "he" or the words "my father" should be supplied as subject of "bequeathed." Then the reference of the pronoun "his" in the fourth line would become clear. A comparison of the beginning of Lodge's *Rosalynde* may profitably be made at this point. In Lodge's novel the dying father calls his sons about him and tells what he wishes to bequeath to each. Is there any reason why Shakespeare's *play* should commence quite differently from Lodge's *story?* Why should not the dying father of the novel be introduced into the play? **poor a thousand:** In *A. Y. L.* the student will observe a number of illustrations of this peculiar word order, in which an adjective precedes an article or a possessive pronoun. Compare "Gentle my lord," in *Macbeth*, III, 2, 27.

12. **manage:** for convenience, the editor has gathered together in each scene the words which should be looked up in

the dictionaries. Some words not included in the lists will probably not be understood by all pupils without thumbing of the lexicons. In this section what do the following mean: manage, 12; dearly, 13; countenance, 19; hinds, 20; mines, 22; orchard, 44; railed, 61; allottery, 76; fleet, 123; device, 156; anatomize, 161; device, 173; misprised, 177?

32. **make**: be on the alert for plays on words, that is, for puns. The excessive use of puns was a failing of sixteenth century dramatists. Shakespeare freely toys with the meanings of words. Here Oliver has just asked Orlando what he makes, meaning what is he doing, what is he about. Orlando sees the chance for a pun, and remarks that he is not taught to "make" anything. Compare also the word "villain" in lines 58 and 59. "Villain" sometimes meant ruffian and sometimes rustic, countryman, person of low birth.

38. **be naught**: an expression of impatient contempt, equivalent to "Go to." One of the editors interprets the words to mean "Be content to be a cipher." Another says that the expression is a North-country provincial curse, meaning "a mischief on you." The words "a while," Warburton thinks, have no perceptible influence on the exclamation. Capell renders the idea of "Be naught to you" by the phrase "Be hanged to you." Compare III, 2, 15.

41. **prodigal portion**: where elsewhere in your reading have you learned about a prodigal, who fed on husks among swine?

46. **than him**: the grammatical peculiarities of *A. Y. L.* will require frequent reference to Abbott's *A Shakespearian Grammar* or to Franz's *Shakespeare-Grammatik*. If you find it

impossible to parse some of Shakespeare's pronouns according to recent grammars of English, do not be surprised. Try to account for the various forms, and if you are puzzled consult Abbott or Franz.

54. **his reverence**: is this to be taken as a suggestion that Orlando's father was a priest, or minister, or preacher?

57. **too young in this**: in what? Furness thinks that the action here is so distinctly set forth that stage directions are wholly superfluous, if not intrusive.

58. **lay hands**: does Orlando lay hands on Oliver? If you have seen the play staged, you can, of course, easily answer the question; but even if you have not, you can tell from the lines themselves how the actors who take the parts of Oliver and Orlando would conduct themselves. In *Rosalynde*, the youngest brother, instead of laying hands on the eldest, puts his men to flight by belaboring them with "a great rake" that he picked up in the garden.

64. **so**: for saying what? Translate into your own words the ideas that you get from this whole speech of Orlando.

66. **your father's remembrance**: that is, because of your remembrance of your father.

88. **spoke**: obviously one cannot take Shakespeare as guide in the use of such forms as this. Collect from the play all past participles and preterites that differ from present usage.

92. **thousand crowns**: does Oliver anywhere in the play give Orlando this sum or any part of it? Note the two negatives.

98. **'Twill be**: what will be a good way? This is one of the places where the dramatist suggests much without saying it explicitly. What is suggested here?

102. **new court**: by the way in which Oliver asks his question, we are indirectly informed that he already knows about the banishment of the old Duke.

109. **leave to wander**: it is to be hoped that the reference of the pronoun "whose" is understood here. If it is, then the reason why the new Duke was glad to let these lords go with the banished Duke is obvious.

115. **to stay**: we should express the idea here by the phrase "at being obliged to stay." Shakespeare's use of infinitives, like his use of words, requires close study. See list of composition subjects, p. lv.

120. **forest of Arden**: in line 148, Orlando is referred to by Oliver as the "stubbornest young fellow of France." Naturally, then, the student jumps to the conclusion that the forest of Arden is in France. Yet Shakespeare as a boy was perfectly familiar with the region in England called Arden, so that it is just as likely that the forest of Arden referred to here is in England as in France. The thing for the pupil to do is to make up his mind once for all whether it makes the least bit of difference where the forest was. After this has been settled, it will be good mental gymnastics to get together all the arguments for and against an English or a French location for the forest.

121. **a many merry men**: what idea comes to you from the words "merry men"?

122. **Robin Hood**: who represents Robin Hood in *Ivanhoe*? Dr. Furness cites this *A. Y. L.* reference to Robin Hood as an almost certain indication that Shakespeare intended his audience to feel that the forest life of the play is English forest life, no

matter where actual forests of Arden might be found. In fact, so impressed with this view is the genial Dr. Furness, that he devotes a charming paragraph of his Variorum preface to the thoroughly English tone of the play. Here is an extract: "It is through and through an English comedy, on English soil, in English air, beneath English oaks; and it will be loved and admired, cherished and appreciated, by Englishmen as long as an English word is uttered by an English tongue. Nowhere else on the habitable globe could its scene have been laid but in England, nowhere else but in Sherwood Forest has the golden age, in popular belief, revisited the earth, and there alone of all the earth a merry band could, and did, fleet the time carelessly. England is the home of *As You Like It*, with all its visions of the Forest of Arden and heavenly Rosalind."

126. **What**: this word merely turns the thought to a new topic; it is about equivalent to "by the way."

135. **for your love**: collect from the play other examples of this same use of what seems to be a possessive pronoun modifying a noun, where we should use a pronoun object of a preposition. Compare l. 66.

166. **alone**: if he did not go "alone," how would he go?

173. **never schooled**: Saladyne, the eldest son of Sir John, meditates thus in *Rosalynde*: "Let him [Rosader] know little, so shall he not be able to execute much, suppress his wittes with a base estate, and though he bee a Gentleman by nature, yet form him anew, and make him a peasant by nurture: so shalt thou keepe him as a slave, and raign thy selfe sole Lord over all thy fathers possessions."

Scene II

1. **coz**: look up this word, and also the following: **wit**, 48, 58; **taxation**, 91; **amaze**, 115; **misprised**, 192 (cf. I, 1, 177); **deceived**, 209; **mightily**, 218; **still**, 239; **suits**, 257; **humorous**, 278.

5. **learn**: what does the use of "teach" in the preceding line, compared with the use of "learn" here, indicate with regard to the meaning of the words "teach" and "learn" in Shakespeare's time?

18. **I**: would this be considered grammatically correct now?

22. **in affection**: this phrase balances what single word in the preceding line?

27. **falling in love**: Rosalind's playful suggestion is of interest when the later development of the plot is considered.

38. **blind woman**: who was this "bountiful blind woman"? Search your dictionaries of mythology or consult your Latin and Greek teacher regarding the classical allusion. Compare II, 7, 16.

42. **ill-favoredly**: can this be justified as correct grammar? Compare l. 162.

48. **fall into the fire**: be careful not to miss Celia's point. Rosalind says that Fortune does not have to do with a person's features. Celia questions this statement. Is she right?

56. **such goddesses**: as for instance, Fortune, "the bountiful blind woman" of line 38.

60. **come away**: when the latter part of the scene is compared with this passage does it seem likely that Celia's father in reality sent Touchstone with a message requesting the pres-

ence of Celia and Rosalind? Duke F. speaks in line 164, with apparent surprise, of their having "crept" to see the wrestling.

63. **by mine honor**: Celia in line 22 used the same expression. Why does this increase the humor of the use of the same words here?

87. **old Frederick**: see whether the name of Celia's father is mentioned elsewhere in the play. Is the name of Rosalind's father given at all?

102. **marketable**: if you have ever seen poultry prepared for market you can quickly see the point, even though Celia is talking about "pigeons" rather than poultry.

111. **decrees**: grammar?

112. **Well said**: Celia's remark implies that Touchstone has been particularly flattering to Le Beau in adding the words "Or as the Destinies decrees" to Rosalind's remark, "As wit and fortune will." How was his addition in the nature of a compliment to Le Beau?

113. **rank**: observe the pun. In what sense does Touchstone use "rank"? The sense to which Rosalind perverts the word in order to make a pun at Touchstone's expense is obvious.

124. **There comes**: merely the expletive "there," not the locative. "Comes" is in the historical present, so that the passage means "An old man and his three sons came." This interpretation is made plain by "Yonder they lie," in line 137. Compare V, 2, 82. For the plural form "comes" instead of "come," see Abbott, § 335, which treats of the inflection in -s preceding a plural subject. Abbott explains, though somewhat clumsily, that when the verb precedes the subject, that is,

when the subject is as yet unsettled, the third person singular may be regarded as the normal inflection, *e.g.*, —

"There *is* more such masters." — *Cymbeline*, IV, 2, 371.

131. **bills on their necks**: this passage completely baffles most high school pupils. What connection is there between Rosalind's remark and the speech of Le Beau immediately preceding? Bear in mind that Rosalind adopts the playful tone all along here, while Le Beau is intensely serious. Look, then, for a pun on Rosalind's part or for a bit of mock seriousness. Le Beau's sober statement of fact, "Three young men of excellent growth and *presence*," perhaps suggests to Rosalind the notion of a sale in which all the objects are carefully labelled, with their merits fully stated, in order that by these *presents* — a pun on Le Beau's word *presence* — "all men" might learn and be ready to buy. The word "bill" in this sense means label, or advertisement, or inscription running in legal form. In *Macbeth*, III, 1, 99, the word seems to be about equivalent to catalogue. "Bill," however, was frequently used, in a quite different sense, as the name of a kind of weapon. In *Ivanhoe*, for instance, one of the characters says disparagingly of the hero, "He is fitter to do the juggling tricks of the Norman chivalry than to maintain the fame and honor of his English ancestry with the glaive and brown-*bill*, the good old weapons of the country." See also Chapter 32, "The tramp of horses was now heard, and the Lady Rowena appeared, surrounded by several riders, and a much stronger party of footmen, who joyfully shook their pikes and clashed their brown-*bills* for joy of her freedom." That such "bills" might be

carried on the neck is evident from a number of passages in Lodge's *Rosalynde*, such as, "He came pacing towards them, with his Forrest *bill* on his neck." "Saladyne heaved up a Forrest *bill* he had on his neck, and the first he struck had never after more need of a Phisition." "Taking his Forrest *bill* on his neck, hee trudgeth in all haste towards the plaines, where Alienaes flockes did feede." Rosalind is evidently playing on the two uses of the word "bill," and on the two words which sound alike — "presence" and "presents."

Still, though this explanation seems to make the passage fairly intelligible, it is only the part of modesty to record what Dr. Johnson and Dr. Furness have said about these much-discussed lines. Dr. Johnson wrote this sentence, "Where meaning is so very thin as in this vein of jocularity it is hard to catch, and therefore I know not well what to determine." Dr. Furness, besides this comment of the puzzled old Johnson, cites conjectures and emendations of half a dozen later editors, and then is forced to confess that with Dr. Johnson he "knows not well what to determine."

141. **Alas**: Furness cites the following note from another commentator, "It is often by such apparently slight touches as these that Shakespeare depicts the moral perfection of his characters and gives them their crowning charm." How does Rosalind show any "moral perfection" or "crowning charm" by this particular exclamation?

149. **any else**: note the variation from present idiom. Compare "every," V, 4, 178.

150. **broken music**: Murray's Dictionary shows what "broken music" means, but does not explain the application to this

passage. "Broken music" was "part" music, "concerted," "arranged for different instruments." Instruments in those times were "made in sets of four which when played together formed a consort." If one or more instruments of one set were substituted for instruments of another set, the resulting music was called, not a consort, but *broken* music. It has been suggested that the parting or breaking of ribs seemed to Rosalind's whimsical mind like the kind of music called technically "part" or "broken" music.

169. **odds in the man**: that is, in favor of the man. "Man" refers evidently to the wrestler Charles. Because of the "youth" of the challenger, Orlando, the Duke tried to dissuade him from the contest. This is a difficult scene to stage well, since Orlando is represented as a rather slight, but wiry young man, wrestling with an older man of much greater bulk and bigger muscles. The thing to do is to make the spectator think it plausible for the slight man to down the bulky man.

177. **them**: though Le Beau announced to Orlando that only the princess, *i.e.* Celia, called for him, Orlando probably noticed both the young ladies, and consequently he answered that he attended *them* with all respect and duty. He seems to have taken particular notice of Rosalind at his first glance; compare line 272.

180. **general challenger**: compare *Ivanhoe*, where the five knights challengers meet all comers.

197. **so fair and excellent**: does the courteous, even courtly, tone of Orlando seem surprising in one brought up as he says he was brought up? Observe the careful, balanced structure of, "I shall do my friends no wrong, for I have none to lament

me," and "the world no injury, for in it I have nothing." The apparent inconsistency between Orlando's manner of talking and his statements about his education can be accounted for in what way?

222. **Hercules**: the general meaning here is obvious enough: Rosalind wishes him success. What has "Hercules" to do with the matter?

225. **O excellent young man**: compare the same words in the mouth of Shylock, *Merchant of Venice*, IV, 1, 238. Notice that Rosalind is much more contained in her exclamations of interest and sympathy than Celia. Why? Again, in line 260, Celia calls Orlando "fair gentleman," whereas Rosalind addresses him merely as "gentleman."

242. **fare thee well**: note "Fare you well," lines 260, 268, 295, 298, and V, 2, 130. Why the difference in pronouns? Compare the college song, "Fare thee well, for I must leave thee."

249. **known**: the idea is that Rosalind had not before known Orlando to be the son of Sir Rowland.

259. **could give more**: what would be our word instead of "could"? In Lodge's story Rosalynde gives Rosader (Orlando) a jewel which she takes from her neck. Rosader, having no jewels to give in return, steps into a tent, takes pen and paper, and writes a ten-line poem, of which one line is: —

"Pure lockes more golden than is golde refinde."

This poem he gives to Rosalynde. Try to construct a poem of ten lines which you think would suitably express Orlando's feelings on this occasion. Possibly you might include among your ten lines the line quoted above from Lodge.

268. **Have with you**: Mr. Rolfe calls this a common idiom, meaning, "I'll go with you."

277. **misconstrues**: scan the line and observe the necessary pronunciation. In the production of this play, the actor is careful to give the Shakespearian pronunciation of "misconstrues."

279. **than I**: comment on the grammar.

284. **the taller**: consistent with other passages?

290. **gentle**: be on your guard when you see the word "gentle" in Shakespeare; it often has a meaning different from its usual present sense. When you speak of a person of gentle birth, you are using the word in the frequent Shakespearian sense. Compare II, 3, 6; II, 4, 70; and II, 7, 101.

296. **better world**: caution—"Better world" does not necessarily imply heaven. What does the expression mean here?

299. **must I**: the infinitive is omitted, as frequently in the play elsewhere. Compare line 227. What word might be supplied after "must" and "should" in these passages?

Scene III

2. **not a word**: by this banter on Celia's part the playwright lets us see vividly the state of Rosalind's feelings. A long explanation would be out of place in the drama. Celia's comments and question exactly suit Shakespeare's purpose of arousing the query in the mind of the spectator, why is Rosalind downcast? Compare the abrupt opening of Act III, Scene 4.

7. **were**: note the accurate use of the subjunctive.

19. **cry hem and have him**: if you will say this to yourself rapidly, you will observe Rosalind's pun.

25. **in despite of**: compare II, 5, 49. **jests**: the way in

which Rosalind throws off her depression and holds her own in this bout of wit brings out plainly one phase of her character.

28. **strong a liking**: now the reader has the point of Celia's remark in her first speech of the scene, "Cupid, have mercy!" Who was Cupid?

38. **deserve well**: deserve *what* well?

48. **bear with me**: observe Rosalind's quiet submission to the sudden demand of her uncle. By saying, "Let me carry with me the knowledge of why I must go," she shows that she is willing to submit to the Duke's demand, even though she cannot understand the reason for it. The sympathy of the reader, therefore, at once goes out to Rosalind. In Lodge's story the usurping king (Torismond) gives as his reason for banishing Rosalynde, that she has been making "aspiring speeches" and has been "intending treasons." As a matter of fact, however, the king is fearful lest Rosalynde may marry some rich peer, who will then strive to gain the kingdom from him. Alinda (Celia) pleads earnestly for Rosalynde, and so enrages her father that he banishes both girls that very day.

51. **frantic**: see dictionary, and also look up **purgation**, 55; **likelihood**, 59; **remorse**, 72; **still**, 75; **doom**, 85; **suit**, 118; **curtle-axe**, 119; **woo**, 135.

73. **too young**: is this consistent with line 104 of the first scene of this act? Several inconsistencies in the play may be ferreted out by the keen student. Such watchful observation of inconsistencies is to be encouraged. Yet do not conclude necessarily that the play is essentially weak in construction

because of a few slips due to haste in composition. The play on the whole is admirably put together.

77. **Juno's swans**: can you find in the classical dictionaries any reference to swans of Juno? Ask your teacher of Latin and Greek about the matter.

89. **You are a fool**: from the whole tone of this scene do you conclude that this outburst of the Duke's is unusual, or are you rather impressed with the thought that it is probably but one of many such incivilities on the part of the Duke to his daughter? What light does this throw on the Duke's character?

91. **greatness of my word**: the Duke appears to take himself and his power too seriously. He even verges on the mock heroic at times.

99. **am**: account for the singular number of the verb.

109. **forest of Arden**: Celia is the one who proposes the flight to the forest. But who suggests the way for carrying out her plan?

130. **Aliena**: how has the name which she is to assume any "reference to her state"? See Latin dictionary, under *alienus*.

140. **liberty**: see note above on "You are a fool."

ACT II

Scene I

5. **penalty of Adam**: what was the penalty of the first man, and why was it inflicted?

6. **icy fang**: what is gained by referring to the wind as having an "icy fang"? The language is obviously figurative. Is

the figurative statement more effective than a simple, literal statement would be? Observe that, by the language in this speech and in the third speech of the scene, one is made to feel plainly the tranquil, pastoral calm of the banished Duke's life.

8. **Which**: if you were studying grammar, you would surely be asked to parse "Which." Could you do it?

10. **counsellors**: who are the "counsellors"?

14. **precious jewel**: of course a toad does not have a real jewel in its head. Yet, by a tradition going back as far as Pliny's time, toads were thought to have stones in their foreheads. If adversity, like the mythical toad, bears a precious jewel with it, what must the jewel be? Commit to memory this passage, lines 1–17.

32. **brawls**: observe what vigor is gained by the use of this specific verb. What other examples are there of particularly specific language in this scene?

38. **big round tears**: this passage always appeals to some pupils as being really pathetic. Does it so affect you?

41. **melancholy Jaques**: it would be impossible to find a better adjective to characterize Jaques. Compare line 26, and also IV, 1, 3.

45. **similes**: bring the scene vividly before your mind, and try to imagine other similes that would be appropriate. By exercises of this kind one may be led to appreciate more clearly the skill and inventive power of the dramatist.

53. **pasture**: see dictionary, and look up also "cope," line 67.

62. **kill them up**: "up" appears to have the force of completeness, as in familiar expressions like, "The city bought *up*

the property round the school for a playground." The word "up" is sometimes used, however, even at the present day, without any special significance. See *Dialect Notes*, Vol. II, Part III, p. 143: "*meet up.* 'He *met up* with him in New Orleans.'"

63. native dwelling-place: observe that Jaques and the Duke had the same idea about the priority of rights of the deer. See the Duke's remark, "Being native burghers of this desert city," line 23. In one of Rosader's speeches in the courting eclogue of *Rosalynde*, the sheep are called "Cittizens of Field," and in a sonnet of Montanus the "Cittizens of Wood" are said to be standing in wonder about a turtle that sat mourning upon a "leaveless tree."

Scene II

1. them: the method of plunging into the midst of things is well illustrated by the opening of this scene. The play-goer or the reader is flattered to feel that he knows at once to whom "them" must refer.

6. in the morning: from this the conjecture has been made that the flight was not reported to the Duke on the day of its occurrence, but at least one day later. How does the phrase "in *the* morning" seem to bear out this conjecture?

8. roynish clown: see dictionary. Look up also "gentlewoman," line 10.

10. princess: is the daughter of a duke now called "princess"?

17. that gallant: from the rest of the passage, can you make out to whom "gallant" refers? The pronouns are evidently

confused along here. Try to straighten out the references. Put lines 17–19 into prose of your own composition.

19. **suddenly**: look out for the Shakespearian twist on words like this. "Suddenly" here means "at once," "right off," "quickly."

21. **foolish runaways**: the adjective "foolish" seems to imply that though the Duke is somewhat worried, he feels reasonably confident that his daughter will soon be back in his court again. The king in Lodge's novel is, on the other hand, a more hardened villain. He has banished his daughter with harshness, and appears not to bother himself more about her.

Scene III

4. **what make you**: recall the pun made on these words in a preceding scene. After the wrestling, in *Rosalynde*, Rosader (Orlando) lived in peace with his brother, Saladyne (Oliver) till Saladyne conspired to make people think Rosader a lunatic. Adam helped Rosader to escape from his chains, saying to him, "When I give you a wincke, shake off your chaines, and let us plaie the men, and make havocke amongst them, drive them out of the house and maintaine possession by force of armes, till the King hath made a redresse of your abuses." Rosader did as advised, and drove Saladyne's men out of the house. "Seeing the coast cleare, he shut the doores, and being sore an hungred, and seeing such good victuals, he sat him doune with Adam Spencer, and such good fellowes as he knew were honest men, and there feasted themselves with such provision as Saladyne had provided for his friendes." The *A. Y. L.* plot omits this part of the story entirely.

5. **people love you**: the character of Orlando is brought out by what Adam personally says about him, and by what the old servant reports that the people in general felt toward him. These two methods of presenting character will be found useful in composition work. See p. liv of the Introduction.

7. **fond**: evidently the ordinary sense of this word will not fit in this place. By consulting the dictionary, the student can find another meaning that will exactly suit the passage. Look up also: **priser** and **humorous**, 8; **use**, 23; **practices**, 26; **butchery**, 27; **caters**, 44.

9. **Your**: again the possessive form for our modern objective *of you*. The idea might be rendered thus: "the praise which others bestowed on you." Compare I, 1, 66, and 135.

12. **No more do yours**: Gollancz in the Temple Shakespeare says that this is a somewhat loose construction, but one easily understood. Nevertheless, it always puzzles the young student and has tempted all the editors to explanations. The trouble is that there has been since the dramatist's day a change in the use of negatives. We are more accurate in this respect than the Elizabethan writers. Where, in order to strengthen a negation, they used two or sometimes even three or four negative words like *not*, we use one or none. Where sometimes they merely implied a negative, we state the idea exactly. In this particular passage, as Rolfe explains, a negative is implied. Adam says, in effect, to his master: "Don't you know that the merits of some men serve them as nothing else than enemies? Yours similarly serve you as nothing else than enemies; they are traitors to you." In what respect were Orlando's virtues and accomplishments "traitors" to him?

23. **burn the lodging**: is this an implication that Orlando was not allowed to sleep in the same house with Oliver?

37. **diverted blood**: doubtless the word play in this line will not escape your attention.

57. **antique**: where before in *A. Y. L.* has the same word occurred?

65. **In lieu of**: that is, "in return for."

67. **youthful wages**: how could Adam's money be spoken of as "youthful wages," when he was nearly eighty years old?

74. **a week**: plainly this is not to be taken in its usual literal significance of seven days. What does "week" mean in this line?

Scene IV

3. **weary**: nowhere is the artistic effect of the presence of Touchstone in the play more apparent than here, where by his sprightly air he helps to cheer up Rosalind-Ganymede and rouse her from the depression that evidently overwhelms her as the scene opens.

12. **bear no cross**: many coins of Shakespeare's time were marked with a cross. There is, in fact, a similar allusion in a story written over a century later. Chapter 21 of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, written in 1766, contains the sentence, "'I know that she has been here a fortnight, and we have not yet seen the *cross* of her money.'" Thus Touchstone's pun on the two senses of the word "cross" becomes intelligible. Do not take Touchstone too seriously. If you remember that Rosalind and Celia were going to carry off money and jewels with them to the forest, and if you have not seen any mention yet of their

spending this money, do not immediately conjecture that because Touchstone refers to a lack of money in Celia's purse they must have spent or lost their treasure. Later they buy a cottage and pasture. Touchstone must have his joke, you see, regardless of facts. It is a general tendency of witty persons even now to disregard facts in order to make an effective witty speech or pun.

16. **in Arden**: some commentators and actors profess to see a pun here. They say that probably Touchstone slurred the *r* in Arden, and pronounced the words "in Arden" as if they were *in a den*. What do you think of this suggestion?

19. **be so**: Rosalind, wishing to stop Touchstone's cheerful banter, tells him to be "content," perhaps meaning by this expression about what might be expressed by "Well, Touchstone, that's enough for this time. Let's change the subject."

20. **who comes here**: the arbor in which Rosalynde and Alinda (Celia) discover two shepherds talking — one old and the other a young swain — is described by Lodge as follows, "Round about in the form of an amphitheater were most curiously planted Pine trees, interseamed with Lymons and Cytrons, which with the thickness of their boughes so shadowed the place that Phœbus [the sun] could not prie into the secret of that Arbour."

29. **As sure**: note that this line is merely parenthetical.

38. **Wearying thy hearer**: the Temple text here follows the First Folio in printing *Wearing*, which means the same thing as "Wearying."

47. **him**: study the reference of pronouns in this speech. The humor consists largely in Touchstone's saying that he

addressed the stone and the peascod as if they were persons. On the stage the word "peascod" of this passage is pronounced pĕs-cod.

69. **Peace**: by this word Rosalind expresses slight impatience at Touchstone's lofty tone and at Corin's perhaps unintentional pun when he answered Touchstone's word "betters" in a different sense from that which was in the mind of Touchstone when he used the word.

70. **gentle**: compare I, 2, 290.

79. **graze**: see dictionary. Also learn the meaning of **mend**, 94, and **feeder**, 99.

81. **way to heaven**: Wordsworth, quoted by Furness, "cannot help thinking" that Shakespeare had in mind when he wrote this passage the idea in Matthew xxv. 43, "I was a stranger and ye took me not in." Compare also 1 Peter iv. 9; Hebrews xiii. 2; and Romans xii. 13. Could Shakespeare have seen the Authorized Version of the Bible before he wrote *A. Y. L.?*

88. **What**: that is, "what sort of person?" See § 254 of Abbott, "In the Elizabethan and earlier periods, when the distinction between ranks was much more marked than now, it may have seemed natural to ask, as the first question about any one, 'Of what condition or rank is he?'" This is the function of the word *what* in line 88.

91. **honesty**: Rosalind thought that perhaps the young shepherd had already clinched the bargain, and she would not transgress the bounds of scrupulous honesty, even though she herself would like to buy the property. Compare V, 4, 62, where "honesty" has a different meaning. The account of the pur-

chase is thus given in *Rosalynde*, "Aliena resolved there to set up her rest, and by the helpe of Coridon *swapt a bargaine with his Landslord*, and so became mistres of the farme and the flocke: herselfe putting on the attyre of the shepherdesse, and Ganymede of a young swaine: everye day leading foorth her flockes, with such delight, that she held her exile happy, and thoght no content to the blisse of a Countrey cottage." Examine this quotation, not only to see how the details about the purchase differ in the two narratives, but especially to observe how the language of *Rosalynde* varies from present English in form of words and in sentence structure.

Scene V

9. **melancholy**: compare note on II, 1, 41.

19. **stanzos**: properly a stanzo is a group of eight verses or lines. In the First Folio edition the song is printed in only seven verses, the words "Here shall he see no enemy" being one line. Pope changed to an eight-line stanza, as printed here. What is the meaning of the word "stanza" at the present time? What word is often used where "stanza" should properly be employed?

21. **owe**: the connection of thought between Jaques's statement that he does not care for the names of these bits of song, whether they are stanzos or not, and his further statement that the names owe him nothing is puzzling. To understand the passage one must know something of Shakespearian use of words. Names here, as Dr. Furness points out, stands for the Latin *nomina*, plural of *nomen*. The word *nomina* was sometimes used in Shakespeare's time as a law term meaning the

names of debts that were owed, the different items of debt in an account book. This is evidently the sense of the word on which Jaques plays in his attempt at a pun. To us the pun seems far-fetched. In the early seventeenth century, however, Jaques's point would be obvious to the audience.

26. **that they call**: supply "which" after "that" and the sense of the line will become more apparent. Paraphrased, the lines might read: "But that which people call compliment is like the meeting between two dog-faced baboons. When a man thanks me heartily, I feel as if I had given him a penny and he had returned thanks to me just like a beggar." Still, it is difficult to understand in what sense the making of a compliment by one man to another is much like the meeting between two monkeys. Did Jaques intend to remark, sententiously, that the buffoonery of a couple of jabbering apes is like the chattering of two men paying each other compliments?

31. **Sirs**: to whom this is addressed may be gathered from the context; see the stage direction at the beginning of the scene. **cover**: used in a peculiar sense. Consult *Century Dictionary*, under the verb "cover," II, 2: "To lay a table for a meal; prepare a banquet."

33. **to look you**: not idiomatic now. How should we express the same idea?

42. **eats**: study the rhymes in the three songs of this scene, and then try to explain what seems a variation from the plan in lines 42 and 43. Could "eats" and "gets" possibly have rhymed in Shakespeare's period?

48. **note**: used in a broad sense, equivalent to "music," "tune."

49. **in despite of**: compare I, 3, 25, where the words mean "notwithstanding." Are they used in the same sense here? One of the editors paraphrases, "As imagination would do nothing for me, I spited it by the following choice composition."

60. **ducdame**: Furness has three pages of explanation. Rolfe dismisses the matter by saying that probably ducdame is mere nonsense, coined for the occasion. Some editors change the text to *ducadme*, which they think is Latin, meaning "bring him to me."

63. **first-born of Egypt**: commentators appear to be baffled by this allusion. Why Jaques wished to rail against the first-born of Egypt if he could not go to sleep is perplexing. Wordsworth's explanation is clear-cut, if not convincing. He says that Jaques is referring to the old Duke, who was an eldest son. His fortune was not favorable and Jaques had shared banishment with him, thus forfeiting his property. Jaques felt that he might well rail at the Duke whenever his mood called for railing at any one or anything. This explanation dodges "*all the* first-born" and "of Egypt." Perhaps the latter is an allusion to Exodus xi. 5. Possibly the whole expression is only a strained way of saying *betters, superiors.* The fact that Jaques has given the editors innumerable hours of diligent research over such allusions as this, throws considerable light on his character. In what way?

64. **banquet**: the word now means dinner, meal, usually accompanied by speech-making. In the early seventeenth century "banquet" sometimes meant *dinner*, and sometimes only the *dessert.* By comparison with II, 7, 98 and 127, and with a large dictionary like Murray's or the *Century*, determine the meaning here.

Scene VI

6. **uncouth**: see dictionary for special meaning to fit this context. Also look up **conceit**, line 8, which is not used in its common significance, and **desert**, line 18. Would you call a place where trees grow abundantly a desert? The word is spelled *desart* in Lodge, p. 86 of the Hazlitt reprint. It there refers to the part of the forest of Arden in which Saladyne fell asleep when he had been hoping to push on toward Lyons and so to "travel through Germany into Italie."

17. **cheerly**: this word, used also a few lines above and suggested in the fifth line by "cheer thyself a little," gives the predominant note of Orlando's speech. Observe the effect of the speech upon Adam. The scene when well presented on the stage is remarkably good. What does Adam do and what do you imagine he looks like? If you have not seen the play, try to describe as vividly as you can the picture in your mind as you read the words of the dramatist.

Scene VII

1. **he**: notice what is gained by this abrupt introduction of the pronoun. This is another neat illustration of the dramatist's skill in arousing expectation. The reader naturally wonders who "he" is, and is impatient to find out. How long does Shakespeare maintain the suspense? **be**: why subjunctive?

2. **no where**: observe that the two words are not run into one, as is common in writing *nowhere* at present. In the Temple Shakespeare, the compounds *everywhere*, *anything*, and *everything* are similarly printed each as two words.

4. **merry**: is this consistent with the previous characterization of Jaques as melancholy? See also below, line 11, "merrily."

5. **compact of jars**: that is, "made up, composed, compacted of discords." The Duke's fondness for striking statements is seen plainly in this speech, as in his first speech of the scene.

16. **Lady Fortune**: compare I, 2, 38.

19. **fortune**: suggested by the old proverb, *Fortuna favet fatuis* = Fortune favors fools.

20. **dial**: see dictionary for this word and also "poke." Compare Ganymede's remark to Rosader in Lodge, p. 81, "The Sunne and our stomackes are Shepheards dials." In Knight's Pictorial Edition of Shakespeare there is a picture of a "dial," p. 223 of Vol. II.

34. **A worthy fool**: does the article "A" seem out of place here? What might be put in its place to correspond with the preceding exclamation? Two lines below, instead of "O" what might be written to clear the passage of ambiguity? Certainly Jaques did not intend to call the Duke a fool. Yet is it not possible to make sense out of the passage just as it stands, without tinkering with the Temple reading?

39. **remainder**: meaning?

43. **motley**: compare lines 13, 34, and 58; and III, 3, 79.

44. **suit**: what is the pun?

56. **anatomized**: compare I, 1, 162.

63. **a counter**: compare *Julius Cæsar*, IV, 3, 80, "such rascal counters." In Knight's Pictorial Edition there are two pictures of counters, Vol. II, p. 223. Counters are small thin coins, usually of copper or brass, but occasionally of silver. In

abbeys and other places where the revenues were complex and of difficult adjustment, counters were used in making the necessary calculations.

68. **hast**: *has*, which is the form in the Temple Shakespeare, is evidently a misprint.

71. **tax**: compare I, 2, 91 and II, 7, 86.

73. **weary very**: Rolfe emends thus, "The wearer's very means." Halliwell retains the folio text and explains as follows, "The meaning is, does not pride flow as stupendously as the sea, until that its very means, being weary or exhausted, do ebb?" Furness adopts this reading because none of the proposed emendations is quite satisfactory.

96. **inland bred**: how does this come to mean cultured? Compare the same word "inland," III, 2, 363. See dictionary. Look up, beside, the following words: **nurture**, 97; **waste**, 134; **effigies**, 193; and **limned**, 194.

98. **fruit**: compare line 127, where the word food is used. On the stage nothing but fruit is served on the tables to the Duke's party. Furness makes this comment on the line: "It seems superfluous, if not worse, to call attention to Shakespeare's accuracy even in the most trivial details. *Meat* or *food* would have suited the rhythm here, but 'fruit' recalls the 'banquet' which was now before the Duke. Of course, a little further on, when Orlando says he dies for 'food,' he had to use that word then; it would have been laughable to say he died for *fruit*."

101. **gentleness**: equivalent to "good birth" in this line, whereas two lines below it has its usual present meaning. Compare the note on line 96, above, and I, 2, 290.

107. **savage**: you recall that in his talk with Adam, Orlando

said that if he came upon anything savage in his search, either it must devour him or he would devour it.

129. **an old poor man**: compare the speech in Lodge, "'Gramercy sir, but I have a *feeble friend* that lyes hereby famished almost for food, *aged* and therefore lesse able to abide the extremitie of hunger then my selfe; and dishonour it were for me to taste one crumme before I made him partner of my fortunes: therefore I will runne and fetch him, and then I will gratefully accept of your proffer.'"

132. **weak evils**: either, "evils causing weakness," or "evils caused by weakness." Compare *thrifty hire*, II, 3, 39; and *youthful wages*, II, 3, 67.

133. **Go find him out**: after the interrupting of the meal by Rosader in the novel, Gerismond made him a "Forrester." In this position, "he rooted out the remembrance of his brother's unkindness by continuall exercise, traversing the groves and wilde Forrests."

146. **morning face**: this whole passage, which is frequently quoted, should be committed to memory.

156. **modern instances**: that is, trivial illustrations; commonplace sentences or proverbs which a person cites to support his own opinion. See dictionary for both "modern" and "instances."

161. **shrunk shank**: repeat this aloud and determine whether the harshness is a blemish or a merit in the context.

ACT III

Scene I

1. **Not see him since**: this abrupt beginning of the scene, indicating that only a part of the conversation is reported, is like the opening of what other scenes? Drawing freely on your inventive powers, fill out the whole conversation in dialogue form.

3. **argument**: that is, cause or reason. Compare I, 2, 291.

12. **think against thee**: what was the exact charge brought by Duke Frederick against Oliver?

15. **push him out of doors**: it is interesting to compare the lines in Tennyson's *Princess*, where the stalwart ploughwomen expel the Prince from the college: —

> "Then those eight mighty daughters of the plough
> Bent their broad faces toward us and addressed
> Their motion . . .
> They *pushed us*, down the steps, and thro' the court,
> And with grim laughter thrust us out at gates."

17. **extent**: another instance where Shakespeare has introduced a legal term. What does this one mean? What in Shakespeare's life might have made him especially familiar with the terms used by lawyers?

Scene II

This scene, by several pages the longest in the play, is admirable for a number of reasons. It introduces skilfully the two wits of the play, Touchstone and Jaques, both of

whom get decidedly the worst of bouts with men who make no pretensions to intellectual cleverness — Corin and Orlando. The scene serves, besides, as a convenient starting-point for Rosalind's plan by which she promises to cure the love-sick Orlando. Moreover, this scene shows two young girls chattering away to each other as lightly and naturally as any two bright girls of the present day. Celia's banter of Rosalind, and Rosalind's holding back in order that she may not appear to comprehend too soon who it is that Celia has seen, are remarkably well done. Shakespeare has nowhere shown better than in this happy scene his peculiar power in presenting characters acting as persons would naturally act in his time and in all times. He is supreme here in his understanding of human nature.

1. **my verse**: what did Orlando say in his "verse"? See line 93 and the following lines.

2. **thrice-crowned**: *diva triformis;* Luna, Diana, Hecate. See *Century Dictionary of Names*, or a classical dictionary, for further details. Which of these three names would be the huntress's name referred to in line 4?

10. **unexpressive she**: the adjective "unexpressive" means not to be expressed, incapable of being described in words. The pronoun "she" is treated practically as if it were a noun. The objective case of nouns, remember, is the same as the nominative. Hence the form *she* may easily be accounted for. This word was not used by the dramatist with any humorous effect or intent. Compare "he," line 414.

15. **naught**: compare I, 1, 38.

21. **humor**: compare "humorous," line 278 of the second

scene of Act I. Search for the exact meanings of the following words in the passages in which they occur: **natural**, 34; **parlous**, 45; **in respect of**, 67; **perpend**, 69; **graff**, 124; **medlar**, 125; **virtue**, 127; **touches**, 160; **scrip**, 171; **whooping**, 203; **atomies**, 245; **burden**, 261; **se'nnight**, 333; **cony**, 356; **kindled**, 357; **courtship**, 364; **taxed**, 367; **point-device**, 402; **still**, 409; **merely**, 441.

38. **ill-roasted egg**: in what respect was Corin, according to Touchstone, like an egg cooked all on one side?

45. **parlous state**: is there any flaw in the reasoning by which Touchstone reaches this conclusion?

62. **more sounder**: have you ever noticed in Shakespeare other instances of double comparison? Recall one of the most familiar quotations from *Julius Cæsar*.

73. **rest damned**: compare line 44.

91. **Here comes**: does Corin seem glad to change the subject? Why did not the dramatist let the conversation continue for some time further?

92. **new mistress's brother**: in line 92 of Act II, Scene 4, Ganymede was the one who arranged for the buying of the property. Why, then, is he referred to as the brother of Corin's new mistress, rather than simply as *new master?* Possibly a hint on the question may be found by a comparison with Lodge at this point. The story differs in Lodge's novel, for there it is not *the page* of Aliena, *i.e.* Ganymede, but Aliena herself who purchases the sheep and the farm. Shakespeare, having changed the position of the disguised Rosalind from a page or servant to a brother of Aliena, seems nevertheless to follow his original in making Aliena the one most looked up to by Corin. Still, it is

possible that Corin's reference in *A. Y. L.* is merely his tribute to the beauty of his new master's sister.

94. **jewel**: description of Rosalind is given in various parts of the play. It is worth while, as an exercise, to get together these different bits of description. The reader can then form a distinct idea of the appearance of Rosalind, and will be able to give an intelligent opinion about the fidelity to Shakespeare of different portraits of Rosalind and of different impersonations of Rosalind on the stage. This method of gaining an accurate visualization of characters is to be recommended in the study of any play or novel. With this systematic study one will be able incidentally to detect gross departures from the exact statements of the text in the illustrations to the text furnished by numerous illustrators of present-day fiction. Accurate and thorough study, then, of the appearance of Rosalind, though likely to be irritating to some emotional minds, is decidedly worth while.

Rosalind is described much more fully in Lodge's *Rosalynde*. Five passages where Rosalind is described are here brought together. What does Lodge mention that Shakespeare leaves out? Does Shakespeare insert anything not found in Lodge? Are the detailed descriptions of Lodge superior to the short, condensed descriptions of the dramatist? Is there any reason why the descriptions in the play should be less extended than those in the novel?

(*a*) Rosader (Orlando) says that Rosalynde is a diamond, a pearl, a rose; that she is a Daphne; that the sweet harmony of the birds puts him in mind of the rare melody of her voice; and that her sweet eyes "stain the sun in shine."

(*b*) Engraved with a knife on the bark of a tree by Rosader were the words, "Of all faire maydes my Rosalynde is fairest."

(*c*) "As every mans eye had his several survey, and fancie was partial in their lookes, yet all in general applauded the admirable riches that Nature bestowed on *the face* of Rosalynde; for uppon her cheeks there seemed a battaille betweene the Graces, who should bestow most favour to make her excellent. The blush that gloried Luna, when she kist the Shepheard on the hills of Latmos, was not tainted with such a pleasant dye, as the Vermilion flourisht on the silver hue of Rosalynde's countenance: her eyes were lyke those Lampes that made the wealthie covert of the Heavens more gorgious, sparkling favour and disdaine; courteous and yet coye, as if in them Venus had placed all her amorets, and Diana all her chastitie."

(*d*) Three of the nine stanzas entitled "Rosalyndes Description" by Rosader are quoted as giving further details in expansion of the topic suggested in *c*, the description of the face of Rosalynde.

"*Her eyes* are Saphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wincke:
The gods do feare when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I thinke:
Heigh ho, would she were mine.

"*Her chekes* are lyke the blushing clowde
That bewtifies Auroraes face,
Or lyke the silver crimsin shrowde,
That Phœbus smiling lookes doth grace:
Heigh ho, faire Rosalynde.

"*Her lippes* are like two budded roses,
Whome ranckes of lillies neighbour nie,
Within which bounds she balme incloses,
Apt to intice a Deitie :
Heigh ho, would she were mine."

(*e*) "The tramelles of *her hayre*, foulded in a call of Golde, so farre surpast the burnisht glister of the mettal, as the Sunne doth the meanest Starre in brightness : the tresses that foldes in the browes of Apollo were not halfe so rich to the sight, for in her hayres it seemed love had laid herselfe in ambush, to intrappe the proudest eye that durst gaze uppon their excellence : what shoulde I neede to decipher her particular beauties, when by the censure of all, shee was *the Paragon of all earthly perfection*."

103. **right butter-women's rank** : "right" means true, exact, downright. Compare lines 128 and 290. Regarding the meaning of "rank," there is difference of opinion. It has been conjectured by several critics that just as in our day pedlers sometimes sing verses to attract customers, so in Shakespeare's age the butter-women held their places in the market according to their ability to compose and sing doggerel that would make known the merits of their butter. Touchstone, then, implies that the verses he is criticising are no better than the doggerel of the butter-women. Rolfe, on the hand, thinks that "rank" means jog-trot. The whole expression thus merely has to do with the regular motion of the verses, one foot plodding along after another. Some commentators explain "rank" as meaning order or file. With this understanding of the word one of the editors translates the expression substantially as follows :

"This kind of verse is exactly like the shuffling gait of a butter-woman's nag going to market."

125. **medlar**: observe the pun on medlar and meddler. A clipping from one of the daily papers sufficiently explains the meaning of medlar: "Eve's apple is a feature of the seventieth fair of the American Institute, which opened yesterday at the headquarters in the Berkeley Lyceum, West Forty-fourth Street. As befits its possibilities for discord, it is known as the *Medlar*, is small and innocent in appearance, and eatable only when it is decayed. Cornell University is the exhibitor of this rarity. The feminine requests for 'just one bite,' yesterday, almost drove the management to despair." The thought in the following extract from Lodge's *Rosalynde* appears to have been closely followed by Shakespeare, "'I grant, Aliena, many men have done amisse, in proving *soone ripe and soone rotten*, but particular instances inferre no generall conclusions.'" Again, in "Adam Spencer's Speech," is the sentence, "The joys of man, as they are few, so are they momentarie, *scarce ripe before they are rotten*."

153. **Helen's cheek**: the taking of Helen, the wife of Menelaus, by Paris, son of King Priam, was the occasion for the Trojan war. Helen was given to Paris by the goddess Venus, who had promised him the most beautiful woman in the world.

155. **Atalanta's better part**: perhaps her heels, for she was particularly swift-footed. Compare line 294. An allusion to this characteristic of Atalanta will be found in *Twice-told Tales*, page 19, line 10, in the Pocket Classics series: "Their footsteps are supported by the risen dust, — the wind lends them its velocity, — they fly like three sea birds driven landward by

the tempestuous breeze. The ladies would not thus *rival Atalanta* if they but knew that any one were at leisure to observe them." After giving three long pages of more or less tiresome guesses by nearly twenty commentators on Shakespeare's allusion to "Atalanta's better part," Furness says shortly, that he thinks Atalanta's better part was her physical beauty, her personal charms.

156. **Sad Lucretia's modesty**: what does "sad" usually mean in Shakespeare? Compare III, 2, 225. Who was Lucretia?

163. **pulpiter**: instead of pulpiter, the early folio editions read Jupiter. By noting the significance of the word homily in this same line, you will see the reason for the generally accepted emendation, "most gentle pulpiter."

171. **scrip and scrippage**: the scrip was the shepherd's pouch. Compare Lodge, "Therefore, Forrester, if thou wilt take such fare as comes out of our homely *scrips*, welcome shall answere whatsoever thou wantest [lackest] in delicates." Scrippage is invented by the clown on the analogy of baggage.

178. **feet were lame**: where are there any lame feet in the writing which Celia reads?

184. **nine days**: a reference to the familiar expression, "a nine days' wonder."

186. **palm tree**: compare III, 5, 75 and IV, 3, 78. See also Introduction, page xxxiv.

187. **Irish rat**: in the study of Rosalind's sentence, "I was never so be-rhymed since Pythagoras' time, that I was an Irish rat, which I can hardly remember," class-room experience has shown that four things need comment: —

(1) **The explanation of *rat* is easy.** Many scholars have

written about the ancient superstition that rats were amenable to exorcisms and that a house could be freed of rats if proper verses were chanted or hung up about the building. The rats would quickly flee or die in their tracks.

(2) *Irish* is not more difficult to explain; in Shakespeare's time it was considered a good joke to refer to the beliefs in magic that held sway in crude, partially civilized Ireland. There is another hit at the Irish in V, 2, 119.

(3) *That*, too, is not difficult, for it is evidently used in the sense of when.

(4) *Pythagoras' time* is harder to understand. Light is gained here by a reference to another of Shakespeare's plays. In *The Merchant of Venice*, IV, 1, 126–133, we read: —

> "Thou almost mak'st me waver in my faith
> To hold opinion with *Pythagoras*,
> That souls of animals infuse themselves
> Into the trunks of men: thy currish spirit
> Governed a wolf, who, hanged for human slaughter,
> Even from the gallows did his fell soul fleet,
> And, whilst thou lay'st in thy unhallowed dam,
> Infused itself in thee."

Shakespeare is making use of a part of the doctrine of transmigration or metempsychosis. At the death of the animal, its soul might take up its residence in a human body. In the passage from *The Merchant of Venice*, Gratiano says, in substance, that he is almost inclined to believe in the truth of the doctrine. He thinks that the soul of a ravenous wolf must have moved into the body of Shylock, even before Shylock was born. Similarly, in the troublesome lines from *As You Like It*, Rosa-

lind suggests, playfully, that at one time her soul must have dwelt in the body of a rat. She means to intimate that she never was the subject of so many bits of poor verse since the time when the soul which is now in her was in the body of a rat that was rhymed to death. Of course, the expression is on her part purely whimsical or jocular.

193. **I prithee, who**: asked in real ignorance?

194. **for friends to meet**: Celia is making use of the old saying, "Friends may meet, but mountains never greet."

203. **out of all whooping**: what was it that Celia considered most wonderful and out of all whooping?

204. **Good my complexion**: Dr. Furness writes, "Since, in this case, in the interpretation of the original text, there is no aid to be gained from the wise, in Archæology, Etymology, or Syntax, we simple folk may make what meaning we please for ourselves, or else pick out one from the foregoing, or combine them all." Two of the attempted explanations which he cites are: "That is, my native character, my female inquisitive disposition, canst thou endure this?" and "It is a little unmeaning exclamatory address to her beauty; in the nature of a small oath."

207. **South-sea of discovery**: this is probably humorous exaggeration, in which South-sea is referred to rather than any other sea, because it happened to pop into Shakespeare's head and seemed to him far away, yet sufficiently familiar to his audience because of the many exploring ventures of the time. It is only fair to add, however, that one Shakespeare scholar calls the passage "painfully obscure"; and that others explain "of discovery" as meaning "off discovery" and para-

phrase as follows, "A South-sea of discovery is a discovery a South-sea off — as far off as the South-sea."

226. **sad brow and true maid**: evidently a current expression used when a person wished another to stop joking and speak truly and soberly. Sad often means *sober* in Shakespeare. Perhaps parallel with the expression of one's childhood, "cross your heart," which, by the way, one did not understand at all then in its real significance.

238. **Gargantua's mouth**: for a good explanation of this see *Century Dictionary of Names*.

249. **Jove's tree**: the oak was sacred to Jove.

260. **my heart**: observe the pun. Celia says that Orlando was furnished like a hunter. What animal might he be intending to hunt the name of which would sound exactly like *heart*?

261. **burden**: see Murray, "The bass, 'undersong,' or accompaniment." This line is cited by Murray in illustration.

264. **I must speak**: is Rosalind fair to her sex in this statement? Compare IV, 1, 205.

266. **slink**: what is gained by the use of so specific a word as this?

286. **as my heart**: from this statement and other details about Rosalind's height, what can you conjecture about the height of Orlando?

289. **conned them out of rings**: does the pronoun "them" refer to wives or to answers? Love posies or amatory lines of poetry for rings were abundant and popular at the end of the sixteenth century. Murray defines *con* as "To get to know, to study or learn; to commit to memory."

290. **right painted cloth**: that is, sententiously. On hang-

ings or painted cloths were to be found sententious sayings and proverbs. The house of Robert Arden, father of Shakespeare's wife, was adorned by "eleven painted cloths, which then did duty for tapestries among the middle class." See Lee's *Life of Shakespeare*, page 7.

294. **Atalanta's heels**: compare line 155.

305. **look but in**: paraphrase this to bring out the idea which you get from it.

306. **shall**: comment on the use of this verb.

312. **Monsieur Melancholy**: compare II, 1, 26.

326. **By no means, sir**: what is the purpose of this colloquy? Is it entertaining? Is it natural? Does it advance the plot? Does it help to show the character of Rosalind and Orlando?

344. **ambles withal**: note that in the shorter replies telling with whom time gallops and with whom it stays still Rosalind does not make complete sentences. Why does she end the speech which begins "With a priest" by filling out a complete sentence, "these, Time ambles withal"?

352. **pretty youth**: would this probably have offended Ganymede if he had been really a man? Compare III, 5, 113.

362. **religious uncle**: Rosalind's clever fiction about her uncle is one of her best inventions. "Religious" uncle means uncle who devoted himself to religion, *i.e.*, who was a priest or minister. In Lodge more details are given concerning the skill in necromancy of him by whom she alleges that she was taught.

373. **his**: find other similar uses of personal pronouns where the form at the present day would be impersonal.

381. **deifying**: look up the verses where she is compared with various goddesses.

385. **love-shaked**: Rosalind's "quotidian" suggests to Orlando the idea of some kind of fever. How does the word "quotidian" come to suggest a fever?

393. **unquestionable spirit**: a spirit that will not stand being questioned; irritable, impatient.

402. **point-device**: that is, with great nicety or exactitude; with finical care.

406. **Me believe it**: the directness of Rosalind is beautifully simple and natural. Compare with "You a lover," IV, 1, 40.

420. **merely**: see Franz, § 241: "*Merely* hat noch entsprechend dem Adjectiv *mere* 'complete, utter, absolute' den dem Etymon *merus* 'rein' nahe stehenden Sinn von 'quite, absolutely.'"

438. **that**: so that.

452. **by the way**: along the way.

Scene III

6. **what features**: observe the pun.

8. **honest Ovid**: who was Ovid?

9. **the Goths**: to readers of the present day the pun is not obvious, because we sound the *h* in "Goths." If, however, the word is pronounced without the *h*, it may be in sound exactly like *goats*. Thus the pun becomes plain — to be sure, a far-fetched pun in our ears. In a history of Italy printed in the year 1561, the word Goths appears in the form *Gotes*.

11. **Jove in a thatched house**: the reference is to the entertainment of two gods, Jove and Mercury, by a pious rustic, Philemon, and his wife, Baucis, in their humble thatched hut. Because of this hospitality the poor hut of the peasants was

transformed into a temple. Those who are studying Latin will enjoy looking up the story in the eighth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, lines 620–724. The particular lines which suggested Shakespeare's words "thatched house" are lines 628–630: —

> "mille domos adiere, locum requiemque petentes:
> mille domos clausere serae. Tamen una recepit,
> parva quidem, *stipulis et canna tecta palustri*."

The editor ventures to translate this passage, freely, "They came up to a thousand houses, seeking a place to rest; the doors of a thousand houses banged in their faces. Nevertheless, one house took them in, a little house to be sure, thatched with straw and reeds from the swamp." There is another reference to Jove in III, 2, 249.

15. **great reckoning**: Touchstone says in substance that if one's verses cannot be understood, or if one's wit is not intelligible to the hearer, one is staggered as much as he would be by receiving a large bill for inferior hotel accommodations. Furness quotes, as an admirable paraphrase, the following from Moberly, "To have one's poetry not understood is worse than the bill of a first-class hotel in a pot-house."

39. **foul**: compare III, 5, 62, and 66. The word "foul" has two distinct meanings, given in Murray's *New English Dictionary*: —

(1) *soiled, dirty, unclean*. By way of illustrating this meaning of the word, Murray quotes a passage from *A. Y. L.* II, 7, 60, "the foul body of the infected world," where the sense of *foul* evidently = tainted with disease, charged with offensive matter.

(2) *not fair*, *i.e.* homely, plain, ugly, unattractive. A quotation from an early writer, Langland, in his *Piers Ploughman*, will illustrate this sense of the word: "Thenne tok ich hede. Whether the fruit were faire other *foul* to loken on" = "Then I took heed whether the fruit was fair or unattractive to look at." The second meaning is the one which fits the context in line 39; the first, in line 35.

43. **Martext**: what humorous suggestion is there in the name of this vicar?

47. **the gods give us joy**: Furness conjectures that this exclamation of Audrey indicates that she considered the match firmly concluded. The formula was one used to clinch an engagement. In the Henrietta Crosman performance of the play, Audrey repeats the words a dozen or more times. The exclamation thus becomes a particularly characteristic part of the scene, and helps to bring out the contrast between Audrey, whom Verplanck calls only a rustic, and Phebe, whom he describes as an Arcadian coquette.

73. **What-ye-call't**: such expressions as this, striking the reader with surprise because seemingly so modern, may occasionally be found in Shakespeare and other early writers of English. Compare IV, 1, 123.

78. **be covered**: why had the vicar uncovered?

109. **out of my calling**: what does "calling" mean here?

Scene IV

7. **dissembling color**: this is to be explained in connection with Celia's answer in which she mentions Judas. Judas's hair, according to tradition, was red. Some one has said that a red

beard was considered an infallible token of a vile disposition. In a German-Latin poem of about 1020 A.D., there is a maxim which may be translated, "Don't put your faith in a red-head." See the New Testament for an explanation of Judas's kiss.

12. chestnut: where else is the color of Rosalind's hair referred to?

16. cast lips: kisses from the lips of a statue of Diana would naturally be cold; the "ice" of chastity might well be in them. Some editors, however, read *chaste* instead of *cast*. Furness is quite emphatic in his assertion that cast must be a mere phonetic spelling of chaste, or else an outright misprint for that word. He says that an allusion to her chastity is almost inseparable from Diana. Murray, however, quotes this passage in his dictionary under the word *cast* = thrown off, disused, worn out, abandoned, forsaken, generally written now "cast off."

26. concave as a covered goblet: concave means hollow, as explained by Murray. A goblet was kept covered only when it was empty, so that a "covered goblet" would necessarily be empty or hollow or *concave*. Celia says, then, in effect, that Orlando is not to be depended on in love; his professions are hollow.

33. was: Celia's play on the past tense used by Rosalind is effective. We often hear this same retort nowadays.

41. what: explained by Franz, § 209, as meaning *why*.

45. traverse: see the eighth chapter of *Ivanhoe*, where Grantmesnil is fighting in the tournament.

52. who: comment on the grammar.

62. **busy actor**: do you conjecture how she intends to act on hearing the conversation of the shepherd and the shepherdess?

Scene V

5. **Falls**: used transitively. Paraphrased: The executioner lets not the axe fall upon the humbled neck without first begging pardon.

13. **atomies**: consult dictionary for this and for **cicatrice** and **capable impressure**, 23; **bugle**, 47; **proper**, 55; **carlot**, 108.

26. **Nor**: double negative. Where else are there instances of this?

27. **That can do hurt**: observe that this clause modifies "force," not "eyes."

37. **no beauty**: Rosalind is making fun of Phebe. Consequently, it is not necessary to change "no" to *some*, as is done by various editors. One commentator, in justifying his change of the text to *some*, suggested that a careless compositor of the folio edition caught the word "no" from the next line.

43. **nature's sale-work**: things made to order are supposed to be finished more carefully than those made for sale to any comer.

47. **cheek of cream**: the specific language in Rosalind's description of Phebe is worthy of comment. Phebe appears to better advantage in Lodge. There she is described as the fairest shepherdess in all Arden, clothed "in a petticote of scarlet, covered with a green mantle, and to shrowd her from the Sunne, a chaplet of roses, from under which appeared a face full of Nature's excellence, and two such eyes as might

have amated a greater man than Montanus (Silvius)." Again, in the Lodge story, Montanus makes a bit of verse in which he speaks of Phebe's brow as white, and her eye as coy, though mild and dovelike.

50. **foggy south**: south winds in England are often accompanied by fog and wind and rain.

62. **Foul is most foul**: that is, the ugly or homely seem most ugly when, though ugly, they are scornful. Compare III, 3, 39.

75. **tuft of olives**: compare III, 2, 186.

82. **Dead shepherd**: Marlowe, a dramatist of the Elizabethan period.

"'Who ever loved that loved not at first sight?'"

is a line taken from Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, which was first published in 1598. Guided by the insertion of this line from Marlowe, and by one or two other considerations, commentators have concluded that *A. Y. L.* was probably written in 1599.

83. **at first sight**: compare "Is 't possible that on so little acquaintance you should like her? that *but seeing* you should love her?" line 2 of Act V, Scene 2. In Lodge's *Rosalynde*, Rosader (Orlando) and Saladyne (Oliver) love "at first sight" just as they do in *A. Y. L.*

86. **relief would be**: observe the connection between Silvius's speech and Phebe's. Phebe expresses sympathy with Silvius, and he replies that when any one feels real sympathy that person has a desire to relieve the sorrow. Silvius proceeds to tell Phebe how she can relieve his sorrow.

90. **Thou hast my love**: Phebe is less yielding in *Rosalynde*; she tells Montanus (Silvius) that she "cannot love at all."

113. **pretty youth**: compare III, 2, 352.

118. **not very tall**: are the references to Rosalind's height all consistent? Compare I, 2, 284.

125. **In parcels**: the descriptions of Rosalind and Phebe in *Rosalynde* may be accurately characterized as "in parcels." Observe, for example, this detailed description of Ganymede by Phebe, "She called to mynd *the several bewties of yoong Ganimede:* first, his lockes, which being amber hued, passeth the wreathe that Phœbus puts on to make his front glorious: his browe of yvorie, was like the seate where Love and Majestie sits inthronde to enchaine Fancy [Love]; his eyes as bright as the burnishing of the heaven, darting forth frowns with disdaine, and smiles with favour, lightning such lookes as would enflame desire, were she wrapt in the Circle of the frozen Zoane: in his cheekes the vermillion teinture of the Rose flourished upon naturall Alabaster, the blushe of the Morne and Lunaes silver showe were so lively pourtrayed, that the Troyan that filles out wine to Jupiter was full of pleasance, and al the rest of his liniaments proportioned with such excellence, as Phœbe was fettred in the sweetnes of his feature."

133. **omittance is no quittance**: merely a catch phrase, the sense of which is obvious. Phebe says that the fact that she did not answer back does not indicate that she will not do so at some time. She now proposes to write a tart letter.

ACT IV

Scene I

1. pretty youth: who before has called Rosalind-Ganymede a pretty youth?

3. **melancholy:** compare II, 1, 41.

7. **censure:** does the word here have the same meaning as in line 199?

10–20. **I have neither,** etc.: one of the editors thinks that these ten lines, printed here as prose, are really blank verse. Can you divide the passage into lines of poetry?

15. **nice:** not the colorless word of present-day talk. What does "nice melancholy" mean?

23. **lands:** that is, property or real estate.

28. **had rather:** a good old English idiom. The purist, however, asserts that "would rather" is a preferable form.

31. **God buy you:** collect similar expressions in the play. **an:** frequently used instead of "if."

32. **blank verse:** scan Orlando's greeting, which Jaques calls "blank verse." Blank verse, in the strict sense, is iambic pentameter, unrhymed.

40. **all this while:** compare III, 4, 20.

49. **o' the shoulder:** an arrow of Cupid, Rosalind says, may have slightly wounded Orlando on the shoulder; but his heart has not been pierced.

67. **leer:** the word as used by Shakespeare was of a broader significance than now. See Kluge and Lutz's *English Etymology*, which should be in the school library, for the original meaning of *leer*.

81. **new matter**: that is, a new subject for conversation.

97. **Troilus**: the club by which Troilus died appears to be pure invention on Rosalind's part, for Troilus was killed by Achilles' *spear*. Try, by diligent searching of a classical dictionary, to find out whether the other allusions are similarly inventions of the author. Did Leander die of cramp?

100. **Leander, he**: do not model your speech after Shakespeare in this usage.

111. **not kill a fly**: compare the talk between Silvius and Phebe. Had Rosalind heard this conversation?

119. **Ay**: see Franz, § 251, "Wahrscheinlich ist es eine dialektische Variante von *ay*, *aye* = 'immer' (gespr. ē[i]); der Bedeutungswandel von 'immer' zu 'ja' hat nichts Auffälliges."

123. **too much of a good thing**: see note on "Master What-ye-call't," III, 3, 73.

124. **you shall be the priest**: in Lodge's story there is what is called a "courting eclogue," proposed by Ganimede in sport. While Ganimede and Rosader (Orlando) are carrying on their pretended courting, Aliena (Celia) plays them a melody on her pipe. At the end of the courting scene, the narrative is continued thus: "And thereupon (quoth Aliena) *Ile play the priest. From* this day forth Ganimede shall call thee husband, and thou shalt cal Ganimede wife, and so weele have a marriage. Content (quoth Rosader), and laught. Content (quoth Ganimede), and chaunged as red as a rose: and so with a smile and a blush, they made up this jesting match, that after proved a marriage in earnest: Rosader full little thinking hee had wooed and woonne his Rosalynde." How has the dramatist improved on the novelist? Or, do you like the story told in Lodge's quaint

language better than that presented in Shakespeare's play? Why is this mock marriage a particularly good element of comedy in *A. Y. L.?*

130. **Go to**: Celia appears to resent Rosalind's implication that she, Celia, is unfamiliar with the marriage formula.

138. **your commission**: to whom does Rosalind address this remark?

155. **Diana in the fountain**: there are several references in writers of the time to statues of Diana ornamenting fountains. Some critics think that Shakespeare alludes to a specific fountain, in which water was conveyed through an image of Diana in such a way as to give the figure the appearance of weeping.

180. **two hours**: observe the time element. This promise of Orlando's opens the way for new complications of the plot, for new reproaches by Rosalind if Orlando shall fail to keep his promise. What are these new developments?

205. **misused our sex**: has Rosalind misused her sex? Compare III, 2, 264.

210. **fathom**: is this word singular or plural?

212. **bay of Portugal**: this need not be taken as an allusion to the unfathomable depth of a Portuguese bay; perhaps Rosalind simply happened to think of this body of water on the spur of the moment. Her point is obvious enough. Still, one of the editors has stumbled upon a reference to "the bay of Portugal" in a letter written by Sir Walter Raleigh. The bay is "off the coast of Portugal from Oporto to the headland of Cintra," and is extremely deep. It is possible, therefore, that the dramatist did really have a specific body of water in mind.

219. **blind rascally boy**: Cupid. Compare line 48. The reference is taken almost directly from Lodge.

224. **I'll sleep**: an admirable ending for the scene, contrasting Rosalind's flurried spirits with the calm indifference of Celia. Do you see how the scene would close on the stage? Describe the picture that is in your mind, and then, if you ever see the play given by a first-rate company, observe whether your idea of the situation is the same as that of the actors. See note on II, 6, 17.

Scene II

1. **killed the deer**: another example of a scene which begins abruptly, letting the reader by implication into the midst of a situation. What has this scene to do with the story or plot? Does the scene create an attitude of suspense in the reader? The following extract from the "Memorial Theatre Edition" of Shakespeare is of interest in connection with this part of the play: "On the occasion of the first representation of *As You Like It* in the Memorial Theatre, 30 April, 1879, there was carried on the stage by the foresters a fallow deer which had been that morning shot by H. S. Lucy, Esq., of Charlecote Park, out of the herd descended from that upon which Shakespeare is credited with having made a raid in his youth. The deer is now stuffed, and carried on whenever the play is acted at Stratford."

14. **The rest shall bear this burden**: compare note on III, 2, 261. Commentators are divided upon the question whether it is better to include these words in the song itself, or to print them as a stage direction.

Scene III

2. **much Orlando**: the impatience of Rosalind is brought out extremely well by this ironical ejaculation. Compare note on "Me believe it," III, 2, 406. See also IV, 1, 40.

6. **fair youth**: compare "pretty youth" of a preceding scene.

14. **bear this**: that is, if one can submit to this, one can submit to anything.

16. **that she could**: notice the grammatical incoherence of the sentence. What does the clause depend upon? Is there anything in the situation itself to warrant this incoherence?

17. **phœnix**: this fabulous bird is referred to several times in Lodge. A good many insurance companies are now called "Phœnix." In a recent issue of an insurance journal, for instance, there were advertisements of half a dozen companies with this name. What is the point in calling a fire insurance company "Phœnix"?

48. **no vengeance**: compare Lodge: "Hitherto mine eyes were adamants to resist love."

49. **a beast**: the interjected comments of Rosalind-Ganymede add much to the humor of the situation. Phebe says that she could not be harmed while the eyes of a mere man wooed her. Rosalind wilfully perverts this to a suggestion that Phebe would imply that Rosalind is not a man, but a *beast*.

50. **eyne**: the First Folio has a different spelling, "eine." Under the word *eye*, Murray gives the archaic plural with the spelling "eyne."

53. **mild aspect**: notice the two things contrasted in lines

53 and 54. What words, in reading the passage aloud, should be especially stressed to bring out the contrast? Similarly examine the next couplet.

58. **by him seal up**: that is, send your reply by him.

78. **olive trees**: in Lodge the reference to trees is the same. Ganimede and Aliena "sate them doune under an *olive* tree."

88. **ripe sister**: Lettsom, quoted by Furness, emends to "right forester." Wright, however, retains the folio reading and explains thus, "The meaning must be that Rosalind, though in male attire and acting the part of a brother, was in her behavior to Celia more like an elder sister."

89. **browner**: where else is Celia described? In staging the play, is it important that Celia should have the make-up of a brunette?

101. **Within an hour**: as a matter of fact, within what time did he really promise to return? Compare IV, 1, 180.

105. **Under an oak**: what other kinds of trees grew in the forest of Arden? What indication of the geographical situation of the forest may be found in the various references to trees?

112. **it**: note the two different pronouns referring to the gilded snake.

115. **lioness**: in Lodge it is a hungry *lion* that is couching near Orlando. The novelist makes the assertion that "Lyons hate to pray on dead carkasses." Compare V, 2, 26, "claws of a lion."

117. **When that**: collect illustrations of Shakespeare's use of double conjunctions.

128. **Twice**: Shakespeare has departed slightly from his original in this detail. Rosader turned his back only *once*. He

thought to himself that here was an opportunity to let his enemy die, and thus gain his property. Then he meditated as follows, "Loose not his life, Rosader, to win a worlde of treasure; for in having him thou hast a brother, and by hazarding for his life, thou gettest a friend, and reconcilest an enemie; and more honour shalt thou purchase by pleasuring a foe, than revenging a thousand injuries." The story of how he interfered to save his brother's life is about the same in *Rosalynde* as in *A. Y. L.* Saladyne began to stir uneasily in his sleep, and the lion roused himself for a spring. Rosader struck out valiantly with a boar spear, whereupon the lion, mortally hurt, leapt at Rosader and "gave him a sore pinch on the brest."

139. **bloody napkin**: this incident is not in the Lodge story.

141. **recountments**: observe the quaint style of the parallel passage from *Rosalynde*, "Much adoo there was betweene these two brethren, Saladyne in craving pardon, and Rosader in forgiving and forgetting all former injuries; the one submisse, the other curteous; Saladyne penitent and passionate, Rosader kynd and loving; that at length Nature working an union in their thoughts, they earnestly embraced, and fell from matters of unkindnesse, to talk of the Country life, which Rosader so highly commended, that his brother began to have a desire to taste of that homely content."

143. **gentle Duke**: remember, Orlando excused himself in the first scene of this act because he had to attend the Duke at dinner.

146. **his cave**: the idyllic nature of the forest life appears plainly from such references as this to the primitive habitations of the persons in the forest.

153. **sent me hither**: why did not Orlando come himself?

155. **napkin**: handkerchief. Do you recall the use of the word *napkin* by Antony in his speech over the body of Cæsar? Compare also *Lover's Complaint*, 15: "Oft did she heave her *napkin* to her eyne."

183. **my counterfeiting**: worthy of all admiration is Rosalind's exquisite womanliness in this scene, and at the same time her astonishingly quick return to a sense of what the part she was playing demanded of her. Yet does she really succeed in making Oliver believe the swoon counterfeit?

ACT V

Scene I

4. **old gentleman's saying**: compare lines 85–90 of the third scene of Act III.

12. **clown**: Touchstone was himself by profession a motley or clown. What does he mean by calling William disparagingly a clown?

13. **we shall be flouting**: *shall* = must, will be obliged to. Compare I, 1, 134. *Flout* = jeer at, mock at. Compare I, 2, 49, and III, 3, 109.

28. **so so**: see note on IV, 1, 123.

37. **eat a grape**: William, on the stage, stands with open mouth, gazing at Audrey. Touchstone is impelled to tell him that Audrey is not a grape for his lips. See Lodge, "Phœbe is no lettice for your lippes, and *her grapes hang so high*." There is no Audrey in the novel. Shakespeare has simply transferred the figurative expression from Phebe to his Audrey.

54. **female**: what is the distinction in our day between the words *female* and *woman*? Look in the dictionaries for this and for the meanings of *bastinado* and *bandy*, 61; *faction* and *policy*, 62.

65. **God rest you merry**: God *keep* you merry, according to Rolfe. It is a regular formula for leave-taking.

66. **seeks you**: can the singular verb be justified in this place? To whom does Corin address his remark?

Scene II

This scene, like the first of Act V, offers little that is difficult of interpretation. A few words are used in peculiar senses, the grammar is in one or two instances slipshod if judged by standards of to-day, and there is a somewhat puzzling allusion to Irish wolves. Except for these points, the student will have no difficulty with the linguistic side of the scene. From the literary and rhetorical sides also the scene is so free from obscurities in aim and in construction that one can enter into the spirit of the author without difficulty. The object of Scene 2 is evidently to raise the hearer's attention to the height of expectancy before the final unravelling of the plot in Scene 4, the third scene being separated from the second merely for the purpose of keeping the farcical love story of Audrey and Touchstone somewhat distinct from the love-making of the other couples. The rhetorical features of greatest interest are the merry repetitions, by the different lovers, of the same phrases, one after another, in lines 90–112; and the summarizing speech of Rosalind toward the end of the scene, where she prepares the way for the nuptials of the morrow.

1. **so little acquaintance**: Orlando's speech may be considered in the nature of an apology by the dramatist for the sudden and unaccountable wooing and winning of Celia by Oliver. Reference is made, in the Introduction, to Shakespeare's departure in this respect from his original, by not inserting the incident of Saladyne's rescue of Aliena. Still, though the passion of Celia seems hasty, can it not be matched almost daily by items in the soberest of metropolitan journals or country newspapers?

5. **the giddiness of it**: challenged in the novel about the precipitancy of his love-making, Saladyne says bluntly, "Let this suffice for a country wooing. Saladyne loves Aliena and none but Aliena."

11. **my father's house**: Oliver is naturally self-important. He has had the control of his father's property, but has been unjustly holding back some of Orlando's revenues. Nevertheless, he adopts the high-and-mighty air, and speaks of *his* father and of "old Sir Rowland." Even after his conversion, he shows objectionable traits of character. What can be said, however, in his favor?

16. **contented**: what is gained by the slipping in of this adjective? Would it have been just as well for Orlando to say merely that he would invite the Duke and his followers?

20. **God save you, brother**: compare V, 1, 65. Is there any special significance in the use of the terms brother and sister in lines 20 and 21?

34. **thrasonical brag**: Thraso was a bragging soldier in Terence's *Eunuchus*. The adjective thrasonical, therefore, which was early introduced into our language, means vainglorious,

given to bragging or boasting. The well-known "brag" of Cæsar to which Rosalind refers is, in the Latin, *Veni, vidi, vici.*

47. **nuptial**: nuptials. Compare "year," line 65. See dictionary for **incontinent**, 42; **wrath**, 44; **conceit**, 59; **grace**, 63; **conversed**, 65, **gesture**, 69; and **dearly**, line 77.

65. **a magician**: compare Ganimede's statement to Rosader (Orlando), "Tush, be of good cheare, man; I have *a friend that is deeply experienst in Necromancy and Magicke;* what art can do shall be acted for thine advantage: I will cause him to bring in Rosalynde, if either France or any bordring Nation harbour her; and upon that take the faith of a yoong shepheard."

82. **comes**: see note on I, 2, 124.

100. **fantasy**: defined by one of the editors, "Fancy or imagination, with its unaccountable anticipations and apprehensions, as opposed to the calculations of reason." See the same word in II, 4, 31. Is it used there in the same sense?

119. **Irish wolves**: compare *Irish rat*, III, 2, 187. Furness comments thus: "The clue to this allusion is probably lost. There were wolves in England which presumably bayed against the moon quite as monotonously or dismally as in Ireland." If one may venture a suggestion where Dr. Furness and others are at sea, this explanation may be offered. Probably no more significance attaches to the word *Irish* than that Shakespeare thought it would be something of a joke again to poke fun at Ireland and the Irish, as he did in III, 2, 187. In the Lodge story the reference is not to Irish wolves, but to wolves of Syria. Ganimede said to Montanus: "I tell thee, Montanus,

in courting Phœbe, thou barkest with the Wolves of Syria against the Moone."

123. **if ever I marry**: the corresponding thought in *Rosalynde* is: "I wil never marry myselfe to woman but unto thy selfe."

124. **be married to-morrow**: is she actually married next day in the play itself?

Scene III

4. **dishonest desire**: Murray gives as one meaning of dishonest "unchaste, lewd, filthy." Compare *honest*, I, 2, 41, and III, 3, 26, in the sense of "chaste"; and *honesty*, III, 3, 35, which has the meaning of "chastity." The words "to be a woman of the world" are equivalent to "to be a married woman." Audrey means, then, that she hopes that it is no immodest desire to wish to be married to Touchstone.

6. **pages**: why these "pages" happen to pass along at this point would be puzzling if the plot were the main thing in *A. Y. L.* The song of the pages has nothing to do directly with the action of the play. Yet indirectly this musical scene prepares the way for the wedding festivity suggested in Touchstone's first speech, when he says merrily to Audrey — not in order to give her information for the first time, but in order to express his happiness at the thought — that next day is to be their joyful wedding day.

11. **clap into 't roundly**: Murray quotes this passage under the word *clap:* "To enter with alacrity and briskness upon anything; to strike into."

13. **the only prologues**: only the prologues.

16. **two gipsies**: it is not necessary to search for a remote allusion here. The reference to two gipsies on one horse is merely a chance comparison that happened to occur to the mind of the care-free page.

20. **ring time**: how does this bear on what Touchstone and Audrey had been talking about? Do you think that as the pages approached they overheard the conversation between Audrey and Touchstone? The folio edition has "*rang* time," the meaning of which is not clear.

33. **the prime**: compare Lodge, "Such, my faire shepheardesse, as disdaine in youth desire in age, and then are they hated in winter, that might have been loved *in the prime*." To what season of the year does "prime" refer?

36. **matter**: sense, substance. Compare II, 1, 68.

40. **yes**: Touchstone's bantering attitude toward the singers is characteristic. He is always on the outlook for an opportunity to pervert to different senses the words of those with whom he converses. In this case he grants that the pages did not *lose their time* or tune, but maintains that their voices are untuneable, *i.e.*, discordant, and that their song was "foolish," so that he and Audrey *lost their time*, *i.e.*, wasted their time in listening to the song.

Scene IV

4. **fear they hope**: a dozen editors quoted by Furness have paraphrased this passage in about the same way; turn to the Variorum and take your choice. White thinks that apology is necessary for offering "even a paraphrastic explanation" of so simple a passage. He then goes on to paraphrase: "As those

who are apprehensive that they are deceiving themselves by indulging a secret hope, although they know they fear the issue."

5. **compact**: note accent. Tell in your own words the agreement which Rosalind carefully insists on.

18. **even**: compare line 25. What does "even" in this scene mean?

21. **keep your word**: the folio reads "keep you your word." Why is it advisable to cut out the "you" as Pope did?

22. **to wed**: observe the break in construction. Instead of "to wed," what would you write in prose to make a good sentence?

24. **from hence**: if you have been told that "hence" means "from here," how can you justify Shakespeare's *from hence?*

27. **lively**: define this word, and **desperate**, 32; **toward**, 35; **purgation**, 44; **dulcet**, 68; **nominate**, 92; **Atone**, 116; **Addressed**, 162; **power**, 162; **conduct**, 163; **shrewd**, 179; **pompous**, 188; **convertites**, 190.

40. **Good my lord**: the variable position of the adjective and the pronoun in such expressions is plainly seen by a comparison of this line with line 30. See also note on I, 1, 2.

49. **like to have fought**: this same locution is heard now occasionally in the expression which is generally considered a mark of "country" speech, "I like to have died," *i.e.*, I was on the point of dying, it seemed likely that I should die.

62. **honesty**: compare note on V, 3, 4.

63. **your pearl**: again notice a touch of diction perfectly familiar at the present time and often felt by the person using it as distinctly of nineteenth century origin. Touchstone's

your does not imply that the Duke owns the pearl in a foul oyster. The word *your* in this colloquialism is equivalent to *an*. Compare line 107. Might "your" in line 12 of the fourth scene of Act III be a similar use?

67. **fool's bolt**: a reference to the adage, "A fool's bolt is soon shot."

68. **dulcet diseases**: one critic suggests that perhaps Touchstone calls a proverb a disease, thinking that proverbial sayings are the surfeiting diseases of conversation. One meaning of *disease* given by Murray is "discomfort, annoyance."

91. **measured swords**: duels were always preceded by this ceremony, so that neither duelist might have an unfair advantage of the other in length and size of weapon. Why is space given at this interesting point in the action to mere verbal ingenuity on Touchstone's part as Jaques spurs him on?

94. **by the book**: probably a reference to a book on duelling by Vincentio Saviolo, printed in 1594: *Vincentio Saviolo his Practise. In two bookes. The first intreating the use of the Rapier and Dagger. The second, of Honor and honorable Quarrels.* There is in the second book "A discourse most necessarie for all Gentlemen that have in regarde their honors touching the giving and receiving of the Lie." A chapter regarding "conditionall Lyes" corresponds with Touchstone's remarks about the "Lie with circumstance."

95. **books for good manners**: several such books were current at the time of the composition of the play. Possibly the one which Shakespeare had in mind was that printed in London in 1554, and entitled, *A lytle Booke of Good Maners for*

Chyldren with interpritation into the vulgare Englysshe tongue by R. Whittinton, Poet Laureat.

122. **I give myself**: several details regarding the dress of Rosalind on this occasion are given in two quotations from Lodge:

"Ganimede (who then ment to discover herself before her father) had made her a goune of green, and a kirtle of the finest sendal, in such sort that she seemed some heavenly Nymph harboured in Country attire."

"In went Ganimede and drest her self in womans attire, having on a goune of greene, with kirtle of rich sendal, so quaint that she seemed Diana triumphing in the Forrest: upon the head she wore a chaplet of Roses, which gave her such a grace, that she looked like Flora peark in the pride of all her floures."

These extracts from the novel might furnish hints to actresses who essay the part of Rosalind to-day.

127. **my love adieu**: again notice the fuller details in Lodge, "Phœbe, being a bidden guest, made her self as gorgious as might be to please the eye of Ganimede; and Montanus suted himself with the cost of many of his flocks to be against that day: for then was Ganimed to give Phœbe an answer of her loves, and Montanus either to heare the doome of his miserie, or the censure of his happinesse." Observe, by the way, the varying forms in which the word Ganimede appears. Spelling was unsettled in the sixteenth century; the same word was sometimes spelled in half a dozen different ways. Exact lexicography was then undeveloped.

143. **wedlock-hymn**: the marriage is not actually solemnized in the play. On the other hand, in the novel the ceremony is

completed: "While every one was amazed with these Comicall eventes [the discovery by Rosader that Ganimede was Rosalynde, by Montanus that Phœbe would marry him, and by Saladyne that Aliena was Alinda, daughter of the usurping king], Coridon came skipping in, and told them that the priest was at Church, and tarried for their coming. With that Gerismond led the way, and the rest followed, where to the admiration of all the country swains in Arden, *their marriages were solemnly solemnized.*"

150. **High wedlock**: the line means, then let marriage be highly honored.

154. **Even daughter**: paraphrased, "I address you not as *niece* merely, but as *daughter*, since you are welcome in no less degree than if you were my daughter."

156. **fancy**: love.

158. **second son**: what does the presence in the play of two characters named Jaques probably indicate regarding the method in the composition of *A. Y. L.?* Fernandine, the scholar brother of Lodge's novel, interrupts the wedding feast, telling of a battle imminent between twelve peers of Gerismond and the usurping Torismond. Then the author relates tersely, "To be short, the Peers were conquerors, Torismond's army put to flight, and *himself slain in battaile.*" After his restoration to the kingdom, Gerismond made Fernandine his principal secretary.

173. **offer'st fairly**: that is, makest a good contribution. How did he contribute a "potent dukedom" to Orlando? Who was withholding Oliver's lands?

178. **every**: every one. Compare "any else," I, 2, 149.

179. shrewd: bitter.

181. states: estates.

192. You to your former honor: we should write, "I bequeath your former honor to you," etc.

193. deserves: should the verb be singular or plural?

198. So, to your pleasures: Adam also receives a reward in the novel; he becomes captain of the king's guard.

EPILOGUE

4. no bush: it was an old custom to indicate a wine room by a green growing bush outside the door.

19. If I were a woman: by reference to what is said about the stage in Shakespeare's time (p. xxxiii), one can see the idea in this "If I were." Rosalind, to be sure, was now in her wedding garments, — a beautiful maiden, — but in the age of Shakespeare no women appeared on the stage to take any part. One of the first efforts to have women take parts on the stage was in 1629, when the attempt was characterized by a writer of the day as "graceless, impudent, shameful, and unwomanish." It took a good deal of time to overcome the prejudice against the appearance of women actors.

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